JOHN BULL, week ending June 13, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXI. 1878

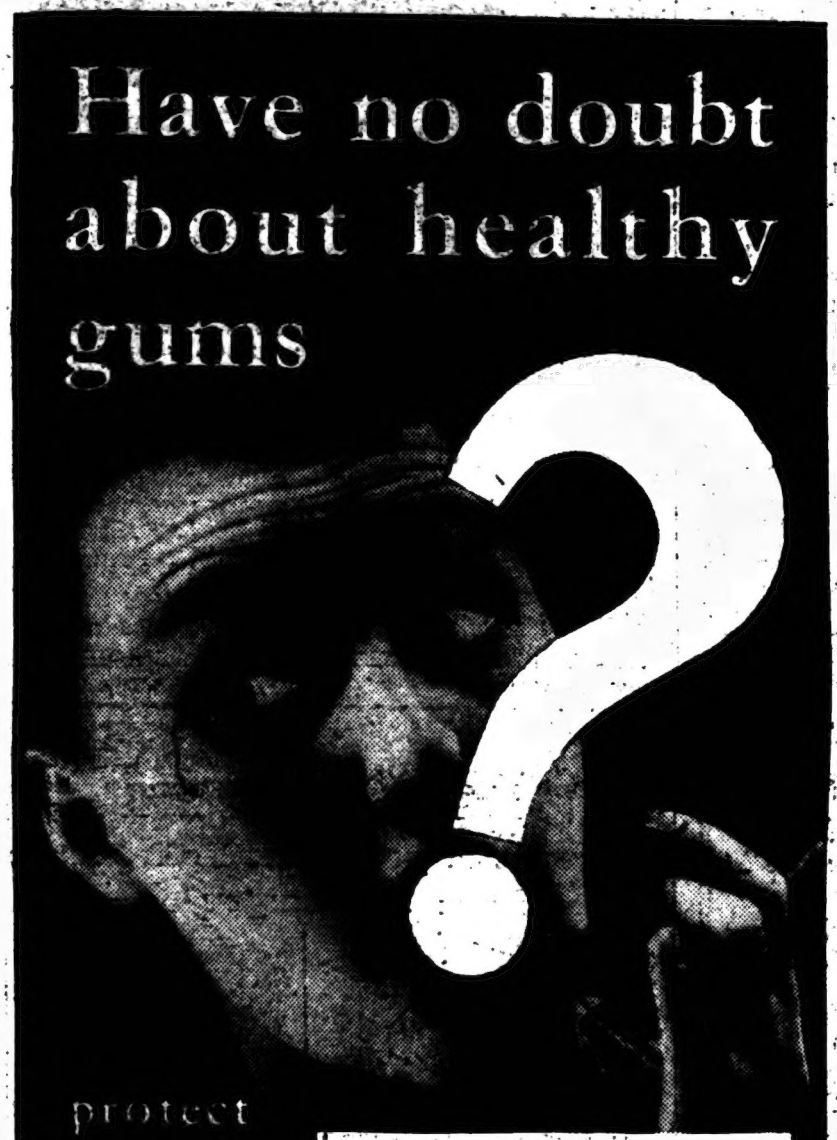
3D EVERY THURSDAY

NOT WHAT HITLER ORDERED by A.G.G.

MORE CHEATS LIKE THE Rev. CLAPHAM

OPEN SECOND FOOD FRONT by The Editor

Have no doubt about healthy gums



protect gums as well as teeth with

If you see blood on your toothbrush, beware—it's a warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa). Stop these dangerous conditions *now* by using 'S.R.' Toothpaste. 'S.R.' contains Sodium Ricinoleate—the dentist's own treatment for gum troubles; that's why it helps to keep gums as well as teeth sound and healthy.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes ★ to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

GR 118-199-60

D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

You can replace this stopper...

..*we can't*

Stoppers are made of precious rubber. A stopper lost may mean a flagon of Bulmer's less for you. Please see that empty bottles and stoppers are returned promptly to your dealer, and help us to keep up your supplies.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

OXYDOL LIVELY LATHER GOES SO MUCH FARTHER

and gives more washing per coupon

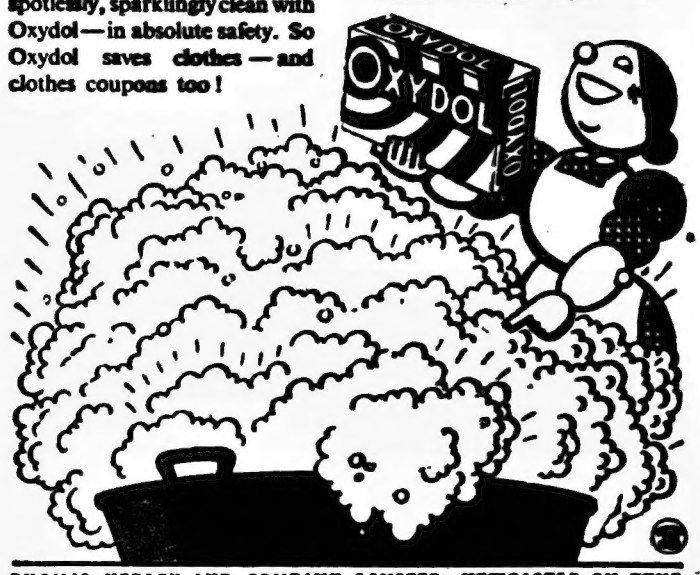
Your soap ration problems are solved the moment you put Oxydol in your wash-tub! For Oxydol actually gives you up to twice as much washing per coupon... because its rich, foaming mountains of *lively* lather go so much farther than ordinary suds. What's more, clothes wash spotlessly, sparklingly clean with Oxydol—in absolute safety. So Oxydol saves clothes—and clothes coupons too!

Mrs. Handy's Special Soap Saving Tip!

You'll save more Oxydol if you always measure it out for use. If your water is "hard", use three level tablespoonfuls of Oxydol to one gallon of water. If your water is "soft", you need only one or two level tablespoonfuls of Oxydol to one gallon. These quantities, thoroughly whisked in the water, will give a perfect lather.

5½d. size 1 coupon 7d. size 2 coupons

A Class 1 Product. At your shop



THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

What do I do...

to make my old rags fight?

I turn out all the old rags I can find—worn-out clothes, cleaning cloths, dusters, carpets, sacking and oddments, as well as rope and string. I keep them dry, in a rag bag, ready for the Salvage Collector or the Rag-and-Bone man.

I remember that woollen rags will make clothing and blankets; cotton rags, maps and charts, paper, insulating cables, etc.; sacking, rope and string will make roofing felt, fibreboard and paper.

I dig out my old rags now—for victory!

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

KEEPS WAR WORKERS "FIGHTING FIT"

ENDURANCE

Fighting Fires is a tough job. Calls for reserves of strength, reserves of endurance. Weetabix, made of the whole wheat, with all the mineral salts and the essential vitamins preserved, supplies that strength and that endurance. Ready to eat; delicious alone or with anything in the larder, Weetabix is a real boon to those who have to snatch a meal when and where they can.

Weetabix

More than a breakfast food

Weetabix Ltd., Burton Latimer, Northants. WX3

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D

LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

USE LESS BOOT POLISH

by Government order

all manufacture is reduced

BY HALF

You must reduce consumption

BY HALF

SO—apply

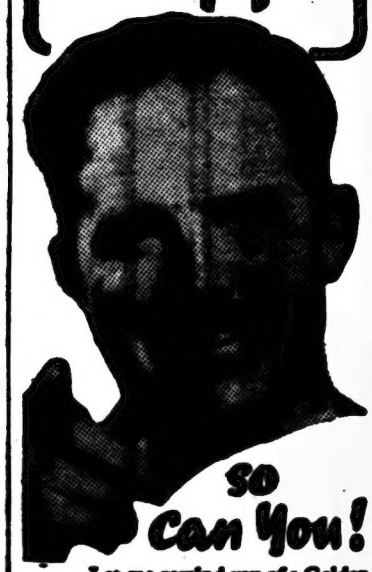
CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

Every **OTHER** day

brushing up between times

CB/WR

I keep fit



SO Can You!

Let me remind you of a Golden Rule of Health. Take Beecham's Pills! They will banish constipation—the cause of ninety per cent of daily ills. You'll find Beecham's Pills gentle, natural, effective, reliable.

Purely vegetable

Beecham's Pills

Sold everywhere.

DO's and DON'T's

to make your LUX Toilet Soap last longer

DO keep your LUX Toilet Soap tablet dry between usings. It's best to keep it on a little rubber mat. If you have one. Otherwise, a wire tray is a good idea.

DO stick the remains of your soap on to the new tablet. If you press it down firmly it won't come unstuck and, this way, you'll save a surprising amount of soap.

DON'T let the soap tablet lie about in water—either in the basin while you're washing or in the bath. There's nothing worse for wearing soap away. And don't wash under the running tap—it wastes water as well as soap.

DON'T rub your soap on to a flannel—use this 2-minute treatment. First, with hot water, wet the face and fingers. Then, rub the finger tips over the LUX Toilet Soap tablet and massage the whole face. Rinse with cold water.

LUX Toilet Soap

THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS

3-OZ. TABLET (Ration) FOR ONE COUPON

Weight as at when manufactured *Price includes Purchase Tax*

H. 1269-9

A LEVER PRODUCT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, June 13, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

N.C. FOR H.C.

● It is obviously no good conscripting tired-out war workers for the Home Guard. Unfortunately, the authorities do not always realise the obvious.

At a very hot colliery, the men often work sixty yards from the air-flow.

Streaming water along the pit bottom makes the heated air extremely humid, and though the men work naked they are exhausted by sweating at the end of the day.

Now the men—most of whom are in the forties—are being conscripted for the Home Guard.

On two nights a week they patrol for two hours and then spend the rest of the night in the guard room.

On two other nights a week they work at the pit till 10 p.m.

Their condition at the end of the week can best be imagined. JOHN BULL believes that men in the hot pits should be spared defence duties in order to maintain their coal output.

Straight from the Shoulder

SHADOWS BEFORE

SIGNIFICANT moves are taking place in two hemispheres.

Key men of the United Nations are travelling and conferring.

The world strategy so long advocated on this page is being shaped.

Falling into Step

National policies and military tactics are being co-ordinated.

The U.S. has declared war on those wretched satellites of Hitler—Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—whose greed will lead them to disaster. Mr. Litvinov has obviously been active!

Mr. Lyttelton is talking earnestly with Mr. Donald Nelson in Washington. They are intent on making the war industries of Britain and the U.S. work to a common plan, so that the deficiencies of one country will be made up by another. Which will help the supplies for Russia!

No Chatter

And common plans are being made for a common battle front.

Mr. Churchill and our Service chiefs have seen Mr. Harry Hopkins, General Marshall and General Arnold. Lord Louis Mountbatten is in Washington.

Such people do not travel thousands of miles to pay courtesy calls and exchange drawing-room chit-chat about the latest plays and the latest Society scandal.

Sweeping Europe

The big R.A.F. operations may not be isolated actions, but the prelude to great events.

No less significant than the thousand-a-night bomber raids are the daily fighter sweeps across the Channel.

At least 250 of our fighters roar over France every day! Sometimes, a thousand in a day!

Vast Scale

The U.S. air forces are itching to be in the European fight. They soon will be.

Indeed, all the United Nations are getting together for concerted action on a tremendous scale: Action that may come more quickly than some people imagine.

Secret Moves

The moves we have mentioned are all straws in a wind that blows no good for Hitler.

There are others which, for security reasons, we cannot reveal. You must take JOHN BULL's word that they are far-reaching and wise.

China's Plea

So this year the war should take a new turn.

It should do so for the Western nations. It should do so for our unconquerable, unwavering ally in the East.

China asks for 10 per cent. of American war production, promising a 100 return.

She will get that 10 per cent.—and more.

Writing on the Wall

Japan now knows the immense, impossible task confronting her. As we told you last week, she is having to conserve her supply ships and air force.

Since last week, bomb-riven Germany has given proof that she, too, sees the writing on the wall. She has conscripted every available civilian man for A.R.P.

Are We Ready!

Even though the Russians are pinning down so much of the *Luftwaffe*, we must expect retaliation for the Cologne and Ruhr infernoes.

So Mr. Morrison is wise to warn our Civil Defence services to be ready for action. The warning must be followed by an immediate check-up on all A.R.P. sections and equipment.

Exchange no Robbery

Nor is it inevitable that A.R.P. should be weakened by conscription for the Home Guard.

Elderly H.G.s who are not really active enough for military duties, deserve tribute for their fine spirit, but should be exchanged with younger wardens.

Coal Common-Sense

Indeed, the whole of the Home Front must be buttressed for the crucial time ahead. Official schemes announced during the past few days should therefore be put into operation with the utmost speed.

There is a little slate in the Government's coal plan. But, on the whole, it is a sensible and workable compromise between the demands for complete nationalisation and "hands off the owners!"

Good-bye for Ever!

JOHN BULL's demand for a national coal board has been met. The owners will no longer be allowed to muddle our basic industry.

We predict that they have lost control for good.

Though the present plan is "for the duration only," the pits will *never* go back to private anarchy.

Good-bye—and good riddance;

What Next!

It is a pity the present plan will allow mining profits at the expense of the community. On the other hand, a national minimum wage will end one of the oldest and most justifiable of the miners' grievances.

Though it is uncertain just how much reorganisation is contemplated in the industry, there should be no delay in taking at least one step towards rationalisation:

Labour must be diverted to the pits that can give biggest and quickest production.

Keep the Fire Low

Even so, it is doubtful whether enough coal can be mined quickly enough to make a domestic rationing Order unnecessary.

It is certain that all of us must economise fuel this summer to the very limit of miserliness.

Do you want a Second Front opened? Then you must help to provide the fuel for the troopships!

Milkman's Release

The new milk scheme is no less essential for the saving of fuel and the release of labour for work and the Services.

It will cut out much of the crazy waste in distribution. And it gives no excuse for hysterical shouts about "hounding the little man out of business."

At Last

Moreover, the entire system of food distribution is to be pruned, as we have consistently advocated.

In each district of more than 10,000 people, Lord Woolton is setting up a rationalisation body—not to oppress the small trader, but to help him save transport and labour.

War's Boon

No longer will groceries that could be obtained locally be brought from hundreds of miles away.

No longer will the cost of food be swollen by unnecessary transport and handling charges.

It is fantastic that it should cost £850,000,000 to distribute £650,000,000 of food!

The horror of war has prompted reforms that peace time laziness postponed.

Towards the Future

But we dare not postpone consideration of the greater reforms that the W.L.R's end will make imperative.

If we did so, then peace would bring famine and ruin.

We must decide now what we shall do with the world when we have cleansed it. We must plan now if we mean to achieve order, security and prosperity.

American Lead

Such American leaders as Mr. Henry Wallace (the Vice-President), Mr. Cordell Hull, and Mr. Milo Perkins (the economist) are insistent that peace will bring the opportunity "to keep the whole world at work on all-out production for a century."

They recognise the war as the climax of a revolution that has lasted 150 years—a revolution aiming at freedom of expression, freedom from fear and want.

14 Points

They will have none of the old-time scramble for markets, the international rivalries and jealousies.

Instead, they plan vast long-term credits to help the backward peoples. And in their aims at reconstruction they have the support even of the Federation of British Industries, whose fourteen-point programme shows an enlightened policy that would have been unthinkable a decade ago.

Do It Now

On both sides of the Atlantic, indeed, it is recognised that world unity and world planning for victory must look *beyond* victory if we are to win the peace. We all want something more than military triumph.

As the Marquess of Crewe pointed out in the Lords' debate, the process of economic reconstruction is going on even in the midst of war.

It must be so directed as to provide a basis for the revolutionary changes that will be possible when war is ended.

THE WAR'S COURSE WILL BE SETTLED BY THIS YEAR'S EVENTS—AND A NEW WORLD WILL BE BORN.

(Continued overleaf)

BRITAIN, THE U.S. AND US

● With his usual ignorance of psychology, Goebbels is still trying to sow discord between the American and British peoples.

As he reads JOHN BULL, no doubt he will note this letter from an American technician volunteer in Britain:

"We Americans here consider your publication to be the most representative voice of British working people, and many have expressed their intention of taking JOHN BULL home with them on their repatriation in order to continue and cement our friendship.

"We shall return with a high regard and admiration of the average Britisher.

"Though we have not been able to accomplish all that we expected and desired, we still feel that the trip has not been in vain, as we have all made worthy friends and shall so tell the American Press on our return."

Well, the British public has an equal respect for the staggering war effort of the United States, and is no less anxious to preserve the warm friendship between the two peoples.

Dr. Goebbels is wasting his time.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

COMMANDING officers of some Army camps—particularly mixed camps of men and women—are saying they will not accept E.N.S.A. concert parties again.

Men and women (most of them privates) have walked out from the shows.

Not merely do they resent the dubious humour offered them. They are equally angry at "being played down to."

They Stay Away

Some senior officers refuse to go to such entertainments.

For them to walk out would be too pointed and might hurt the good artistes in the concert parties. It is more polite to stay away.

We doubt if E.N.S.A. chiefs have been aware of the trouble. Now they do know, they will surely "clean it up."

What They Want

E.N.S.A. occasionally sends along fine actors. One officer tells JOHN BULL: "A man like John Gielgud improves the work of the unit for weeks." But E.N.S.A. provides too little such fare.

Repertory companies are doing a fine job by travelling to lonely camps and giving intelligent, straight, clean shows.

In that fact is a tip to E.N.S.A.

Bored Firemen

Firemen don't want concert parties. But they do want useful work while waiting for calls.

Only a few stations have so far been provided with spare-time war jobs. The excellent scheme of the Fire Brigade Union appears to have been shelved.

Spit-and-Polish Brigade

Instead, paint is being removed from brass equipment on the fire appliances in order to provide the men with more polishing!

We rely on Mr. Morrison to cancel this order. The crews who saved our cities from the flames can surely be more usefully employed than as teams of housemaids.

Keep them Dark!

Incidentally, the authorities should make sure that troops in what may become our forward areas are not being supplied with hutments and water tanks of unpainted galvanised iron.

Just as regimental brasses are kept dull to lessen the risk of machine-gunning from the air, so should all military stores.

Brassy and Bright

But an old-time colonel has been appointed to command a Home Guard unit in a defence area. And he has ordered the dull cap badges of officers to be replaced by polished badges, and all steel helmets to be sand-blasted and painted.

It seems to JOHN BULL that the Home Guard should be heard but not seen in action.

Barred from Work

Bournemouth councillors are indignant. Their anger will probably be shared by a few million people who read this latest story of official ineptitude:

A man of fifty-five, who formerly owned a motor repair shop, was offered a job at £5 10s. a week by a firm wholly engaged on Army repair work.

"Oh, no," said the local Ministry of Labour office, "you're too highly skilled for that."

But he wasn't found a better job. And within a fortnight he was destitute.

News for Mr. Bevin

Now he is having to keep himself, his wife and two children on 35s. a week poor relief.

Bournemouth Public Assistance Committee threatens to write to Mr. Bevin about it, unless the local officials bestir themselves. The threat will no doubt serve its purpose.

Beer—Off and On

Reaching a garrison town after four hours' travel, a man was allowed one half-bottle of beer as his drinking ration. Because the town was full of troops and war workers, no more could be had.

He went to a town whose occupants hardly know there is a war on. He could have had his morning bath in beer.

Indeed, the beer is where the war workers and war fighters are not—and that's wrong.

Crazy Corner

What's worse is that the distribution of essential war goods is still a cumbrous, crazy, and costly business.

American lease-lend girders are stored all over the country; yet small lots are transferred from Scotland to London.

On the way, they pass the local depots.

Until recently, indeed, even ice-cream was railed from London to Aberdeen.

Planned Consumption

This double waste of transport and locomotive fuel could be prevented by planning both distribution and consumption.

And if the Government insisted that local supplies should be given preference to those ordered without regard to distance!

Sharp Point

Miss Ellen Wilkinson is cross with us.

Referring to our recent article, "Punish the Builders of Shoddy Shelters!" she says that many contractors have been made to suffer quite a lot financially when the fault for rotten air raid shelters has been proved to be theirs.

Maybe. But JOHN BULL sticks to its point that something more drastic should be imposed on those who have profiteered at the expense of public safety.

Missed Chances

Far too many elementary school-children have failed in the recent examinations for scholarships.

The papers were the same as before the war. No allowance was made for the fact that most of the youngsters were without schooling for a year or more.

Parents who asked that their children might have a little extra coaching before the exam. were curtly told: "It isn't allowed."

So, in effect, children have been denied the chance they would have had in peace time.

Why Not!

JOHN BULL maintains that this is grossly unfair.

And, as the country will need all the talent it can find, the eleven-year-olds should be given a fresh examination after they have had the benefit of some months' unbroken schooling.

Why Not Now!

As an Army captain writes to us: "Government spokesmen conjure up visions of what will be done when victory is ours, but nothing would so hearten our fighting men as some definite action making for an improvement now."

JOHN BULL agrees with him that educational reform need not be left till after the war. Only a few strokes of the pen would be needed, for example, to raise the standing and improve the facilities of selective central schools.

Overdue

These schools give secondary schooling to children who win places from the elementary schools. But they do not enjoy secondary school status!

For years this indefensible inequality has been attacked in vain. But if the Board of Education is sincere in its hopes of equality of opportunity, it will hesitate no longer to bring all advanced schools into the secondary school system.

Glad to Oblige!

Reform of old age pensions is equally overdue. But small injustices can be righted without new laws.

One reader had been in dispute with the Ministry of Health for three months about a week's lost pension. He could get no satisfaction and eventually wrote to JOHN BULL about it. We obtained satisfaction within nine days.

High-Handed

House requisitioning is another responsibility of the Ministry of Health. And it's causing fresh trouble.

At Tamworth, a war worker obtained keys for a vacated bungalow. Before he could take up occupation a local council official broke in, fitted new locks and requisitioned the place.

Now the war worker is having to lodge at one house, his wife at another.

Listen, Mr. Brown!

JOHN BULL knows of a similar case in a London suburb. And it wants to say just this to Mr. Brown, the Minister of Health:

Order requisitioning officials to come into the open instead of playing burglar behind the citizen's back!

Billeting Blunders

Moreover, there is still muddle in the billeting of war workers.

"The billets which the Ministry of Health say are available often prove to be non-existent when they are needed," reports the Select Committee on National Expenditure.

The Ministry of Labour informed one factory on a Friday that 500 new girls would arrive on Monday. Only by broadcasting an appeal to the factory workers could the superintendent find beds for the newcomers.

Third Year

Bad transport, the committee adds, continues to cause absenteeism.

"Lack of buses, lack of spare parts, lack of drivers, lack of mechanics, the same story is heard everywhere."

And this is the third year of war.

Revolution

However, let us end on a cheerful note. There are fresh signs of the revolution we describe on the previous page—this time, from that most unrevolutionary body, the London Chamber of Commerce.

Its report on post-war economic changes is both significant and admirable.

It admits roundly that something was radically wrong with our economic system before the war.

Too Poor to Buy

It stigmatises as absurd that "men in want of the necessaries of life should be denied the money with which to buy them because there was a superabundance of those necessaries, and therefore their services were not required to make more."

In other words, the trouble was not really over-production but under-consumption.

Never So Rich

So the Chamber demands that, after the war, international trade must be used as a means of "mutual aid and advantage."

Quite so. JOHN BULL would add this:

After the war, the world would be more potentially rich than ever before if the United Nations convert their enormous war industries to peaceful trade and see that the goods thus made are equally shared!

Behind the News

- **First estimate of damage to Hitler's Ruhr war effort after R.A.F. super raids puts material loss at £500,000,000, and, in terms of production lost for the future, £2,000,000,000.**
- *But greatest blow was destruction of precision instruments and designs which cannot be replaced during the war.*
- Since R.A.F. destruction of Renault and Gnome factories, Nazis have begun to requisition all car engines throughout Europe.
- **Nazis intend to incorporate occupied territories as integral parts of the Reich under full Nazi rule and punishments in the hope of crushing resistance.**
- *Shabbiest Vichy trick to secure popular collaboration with Huns is propaganda drive to increase population rate, tied up with promise of release of prisoners of war plus bonus for families.*
- Since St. Nazaire raid, gauleiters and quislings in coastal areas have moved their staffs more than fifty miles inland.
- **Nazis are using more girl spies in the hope of tracing secret newspapers and other "V" army control centres.**
- *Japs have said that the 3,000 German "advisers" with their Far East forces are unnecessary and must be sent home. Berlin is furious at this "insult to German honour."*
- **Tokio insists on immediate renewal of Axis drive in Middle East before Japan attacks Siberia. Hitler demands it the other way round.**
- **Dutch report that in spite of Jap victory in East Indies, Tokio war lords have issued orders to conserve every drop of oil because stocks are being used up rapidly.**
- *After their half-hearted show in Kharkov, Hungarians and Italians have been "sacked" to the back areas with threats of punishment if they fail to combat Soviet guerillas.*

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

OPEN A SECOND FOOD FRONT!

LORD WOOLTON electrified the placid atmosphere of the House of Lords last week.

Flourishing a green block about three inches square, he told the startled peers that it contained enough food to feed a family of twelve.

Made of mixed vegetables highly compressed, it could be sent to troops in the field.

Imagine the saving of transport if an army were fed in this way! And this new process of hydration holds another possibility of immense value.

It may solve the problem of using up surplus crops for winter consumption.

Of course, the process is still in an early stage. Its development should obviously be carried on with the utmost speed, so great a part could it play in our war economy.

And while this modern miracle is being converted into an accepted fact of everyday life, JOHN BULL declares that there are other ways of making this country more self-supporting which can be put into operation without even a day's delay.

First, let us face the stark truth that Hitler is still hoping to starve us out.

We know how nearly Germany succeeded in doing so during the last war.

She has more U-boats at sea now than in the dark Spring of 1917. Our shipping losses are heavy; we may soon need the ships that bring us food to take our troops and munitions to a Second Front.

So our Second Food Front is vitally important to our national safety. Our allotments and gardens form one of its most vital sectors.

But it has soft spots. Its organisation from the base is bad; many of its troops are being withdrawn from the front line and not replaced.

"Grow more food on your allotments!" the Government abjures us. "Turn the flower-beds in your back gardens into vegetable plots!"

Yes, but many flourishing allotments and garden plots are now becoming derelict because their owners have been called-up for military service.

Quite a typical case is that of an old man who gallantly took over a large allotment and worked it well with the aid of his three sons.

Now all the sons are in the R.A.F. and the old man is unable to keep it going.

YET there is another kind of conscription taking place that could and should fill these gaps in the nation's food front.

Large numbers of youths are being drafted into the A.T.C., the Sea Cadets and similar organisations.

No doubt they like to swagger in their new uniforms. But there is a more urgent task for them than the mere wearing of uniform and pre-military training.

Let them be organised to work on untended allotments! Let them make new allotments from derelict land—not, we hasten to add, from land that should have been put under the plough long ago!

It would be a healthy job. It would be a pleasant job. And it would be of great and immediate benefit to their country.

All youth organisations should be co-opted for this work. So should their elders who have been found medically unfit for military service.

Many, many men rejected by the Army because of physical defects are none the less far more able to tend allotments than war workers exhausted by long hours of factory toil.

But even when every inch of available and suitable soil is cultivated, other difficulties will threaten to ruin the effort unless remedies are found *now*.

Already there are food surpluses in a country that needs every scrap of food!

Last year, great quantities of vegetables—particularly carrots and potatoes—had to be left to rot.

There was a "glut," not because the food was unwanted, but because distribution broke down. There are signs that a similar lunacy will run wild this year unless a proper system of distribution is quickly formed.

Most allotments produce a little more food than the holder wants, unless his family happens to be a very large one.

And this "little," multiplied by several millions, becomes a huge stock of food that should be added to the nation's larder.

Yet its collection and distribution could be arranged. The trouble arises merely because the whole framework of 1,750,000 allotments and many millions of "back gardens" is left to the local councils.

The councils, of course, are also responsible for such events as Warship Weeks and flag days in their area. But with this obvious difference:

Money raised by flag days and Savings Weeks goes into the national pool. Vegetable produce does not!

Therefore, JOHN BULL demands that every local council should be required to co-operate in a national system, organised and directed by the Government, to collect all surplus produce.

It would be the duty of the Ministry of Food to distribute that excess. So would the greengrocers' shops of our towns be better stocked even than in peace time!

If there was still a surplus after the community's immediate needs were met, then the new process of hydration would conserve much of it for winter use.

If that were not possible, then the produce should not be left to yellow and rot as it does at present before being carted off for animal feeding.

While still fresh, it should be despatched to regional centres for prompt conversion into animal foodstuffs and thus help to ease one of the worst headaches suffered by the farmer because of the war time ban on imports from abroad.

In short, orderly organisation must take the place of chaotic muddle.

We believe our readers will agree that such an organisation is not merely desirable but easily and promptly practicable.

MOREOVER, the whole business of our food distribution is capable of vast and revolutionary improvement.

That fact has been realised by Lord Woolton. He is rationalising the distribution of groceries and provisions. JOHN BULL hopes he will extend this wise and economical reform to perishable vegetables with the utmost speed.

His Ministry, in addition to its enormous central staff, has 5,000 voluntary Invasion Food Officers. They are local men with expert knowledge of local conditions.

They should be used to supervise the harvesting of the surplus crops from allotments and gardens.

The Ministry's permanent staff should arrange the quick transport of that harvest—not to a few far-distant central markets, where the vegetables usually arrive stale, and then pass through a multitude of fee-snatching middlemen, but to regional clearing-houses for immediate despatch to retailers.

One other Ministry is involved—that of Agriculture. It is responsible for the actual growing of food, and it must play a far bigger part in stocking the nation's larder.

It must, as we have outlined, create a new part-time labour force to till new allotments and maintain the older ones whose owners have been called-up.

It must peremptorily cut the red tape which many local councils still tie around the allotment-holder's neck.

By toil and determination, industrial Britain has created a Second Food Front. Now let us open it to its fullest extent!

Those Men Who Know All the Answers

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS

AFTER the war I hope somebody will publish an encyclopaedia of experts, with full names and details as to what were the experts' big lines.

The dictionary defines an expert as "one with special skill and knowledge"

One odd thing about any ordinary man is that he is always ready to raise his hat and touch his forelock to anybody with special skill and knowledge.

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If you know how to grow tomatoes and the man over the next door fence begins to tell you that you're doing it all wrong, you simply bat him over the head with a mallet (so to speak) and go on growing your tomatoes.

But if you don't know how to grow tomatoes and he pops his head over the fence and tells you, you take everything he says as gospel.

The same with mending a tyre, papering a room, catching fish, lighting a fire . . . Anything.

If you *know* you tell the other fellow to take a walk. If you don't know you raise your hat and touch your forelock and accept him without question as one with "superior skill and knowledge."

Especially when it comes to the war. He may know no more about it than the man over the next door fence knows about growing tomatoes, but if you know nothing you take it all in.

He has only to describe himself as a Military Expert, a Diplomatic Expert, a Reconstruction Expert, or whatever it may be.

If you know *nothing* about it you take it for granted that he knows the lot.

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So that, taking our advice from the experts, we have already been satisfied that Hitler could stand only a short war, that the Russians could last six weeks only, that Hitler *might* stand one winter of war—though it was doubtful—that Japan was exhausted and could not spread her war wider, that Hitler could not stand another winter of war, that Hitler could not stand *more* than another winter of war, and so on.

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We know the Very Reason why Hess flew over here. In fact, we know twelve Very Reasons, from twelve experts who are Right In The Know.

And we know for a fact (just because the experts have told us) that the war will finish completely (a) next autumn, (b) next Spring, (c) next week, (d) last week

You don't have to find out anything for yourself in this world. That takes too long. You simply ask an expert and go back to sleep.

Yes, I hope that after the war somebody will publish an encyclopaedia of experts. By that time it will make the rest of us look a pack of prize fools for taking it all in.

It will make the experts look pretty daft, too.

WILL SCOTT.

Air Marshal A. T. HARRIS, Chief of Bomber Command

DEAR SIR,—Here's to the men on the ground—from air marshals to aircraftmen—who make our thousand-a-night raids possible!

They are given little praise and less publicity. Only the air crews recognise how great is their service to the nation.

First, a word of thanks to the senior officers whose planning makes the most intricate page a Bradshaw appear as simple as a nursery rhyme.

"Once we're airborne," say the pilots who sail in those terrible armadas, "the rest is easy."

It is easy only because of split-minute timing, perfect co-ordination and clear directions arranged hours before they leave the runways—an organisation so superlative as to be incredible.

Were it merely a little less intricate, our heavy bombers could not possibly arrive over the target at six-second intervals without grave risk of collision.

Nor could the raids be successful, of course, without the perfect efficiency of the ground staffs—armourers, fitters, riggers and all the rest who prepare the bombers for their task.

They wear no wings. They can no more see the results of their skill and hard work than the factory workers who construct the giant machines and produce the bombs.

But they do a grand job, as every pilot knows. They are as important as any other members of the vast team that is the R.A.F.

Sometimes they must toil for hours with exacting patience to prepare for a raid that at the last minute has to be called off because of weather changes.

The time is coming when your forces will play an essential and decisive part in the smashing of Axis aggression.

Good luck—and sincere thanks—to every man you command!—JOHN BULL.

Open Letters

EARL OF CLANWILLIAM, Chairman, Assoc. of Conservative Clubs

MY LORD,—I am as sure as you are that "we shall defeat the enemy." I am not quite so sure that "when it is over we of the Conservative Party are going to be the saviours of our country."

Saviours from what? From the lads in light blue who won the Battle of Britain? From the lads in khaki who have fought in the broiling heat of the Libyan desert? From the men who have kept open the seas, the men and women who have made the munitions of victory?

Or will you save us from the vested interests whose greed and stupidity have helped to produce poverty and war?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ROBERT HUDSON, M.P. Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Confound your new autocracy!

A small farm in Northants was classed as a "C" holding some months ago. The farmer immediately wrote to the local war agricultural committee, asking for advice on how to improve his land.

He received no answer.

Now he has been given notice to quit because of "poor husbandry." He must leave in September and may not be able to gather his crops.

Yet he has done much to improve a farm that was always backward; he has put more of its land under the plough than ever before.

He deserves, not ruin, but a helping hand. You should see that the helping hand is extended by your committees, some of whom seem more eager to act as old-time landlords than as expert advisers.

One other point: insist that consideration is always given to the original state of the farm and the farmer's finances before a notice to quit is served!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD MONSELL, S.E. Regional Commissioner

MY LORD,—Going to "see for yourself," you must have been pleased at the speed and smoothness with which help was brought to the victims of the Canterbury "spite" raid.

Mobile canteens fed the homeless; cars took them to country homes in other areas.

The town clerk, who is A.R.P. controller, was killed in the raid, but the successful service he built up will remain as a tribute to his memory.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. L. C. WHITE, Civil Service Clerical Assoc.

DEAR SIR,—It's a pity your executive has been ordered to withdraw from the agreement that Civil Service typists must pass a proficiency test in order to qualify for a 5s. wages rise.

Because, of course, your own members admit that the standard of typing is extremely low in Government Departments—an average of only 34 words a minute!

I'm with you and all trade unionists in demanding a living wage. But it should be earned.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. A. LEE, Director, Mining Association

DEAR SIR,—It may be true that the "average earnings of all adult underground workers" are 98s. But "average" is a trick word.

Net wages for an underground worker at a famous Welsh pit amount to 52s. 10d. for four and four-fifth days, 79s. 1d. for seven and a half days.

I've seen his pay dockets—and I also know that such wages are a lot too light!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST HUTCHINGS, Devon Coroner

DEAR SIR,—No doubt you now know that it was Mr. Anthony Eden of whom you said, "It seems almost beyond belief that any responsible person could have permitted the publication of the alleged atrocities on British prisoners" in Hong Kong.

I am sure you will agree that the Foreign Secretary holds a position no less responsible than your own. And I doubt if his sense of judgment is inferior.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Eighty people would be interested to know why they were dismissed, but young men of military age retained, when a munitions factory was ordered to reduce production.

One dismissed man, aged fifty-two, was in charge of a department, served as a senior N.C.O. throughout the last war, and for sixteen years has been a voluntary ambulance driver, handling thousands of cases.

Yet the only job offered him during his six weeks of unemployment is that of messenger in a Civil Service office!—JOHN BULL.

Prebendary C. B. HARDY, St. Peter's, Plymouth

REVEREND SIR,—I am sure you didn't mean to advocate disaffection, even in the interests of religion.

But you chose your words oddly in saying that "Home Guards and other defence workers should refuse to put the service of the State before the duty of divine worship."

Fortunately, I don't think the Home Guard would go to church as usual if invasion came on a Sunday, or ambulance workers choose to sing hymns instead of helping the wounded.—JOHN BULL.

A Lonely Man and a Baby

SO you think you're doing a spot of good work, do you? That extra hour or so in the office or factory, that leisure sacrificed for the Home Guard, that bit of gardening at the week-end! they all tot up to a respectable and self-assuring figure, don't they?

I thought they did up to a couple of weeks ago. Now I know different. I know now that for sheer *wearying* work there is no combination so tiring and so exhausting as a house and a baby.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

For a fortnight I ran my home and baby. I didn't make too much of a mess of the job; nor would I claim to have been a brilliant success at it.

But I do know that at the end of a day I felt more tired mentally and physically than I have ever felt after long and exacting periods of duty in a newspaper office.

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In case you males, you creatures of iron, supposedly cast in sterner mould than your frail wives, have never had the illuminating experience of acting as housekeeper, cook, nursemaid, let me briefly give a list of the day's duties:

8.45 a.m.—Get up, put out baby. 7.—Give baby orange juice and biscuit. Dress her, wash her, clean her teeth. Dress yourself.

8.30.—Breakfast. 9.—Wash up. 10.—Go for walk if fine. Do what shopping you can.

12.30.—Lunch. 1.—Wash up. 1.30.—Put baby to rest. Make beds.

3.30.—Awaken baby. Take her for walk. 4.30.—Tea.

5.45.—Bathe baby. Put her to bed. 6.15.—Baby's supper. 7.—Your own meal.

7.30.—Wash up tea and dinner things. Have a brief rest. 9.45.—Put out baby. And so to bed.

Notice, please, that there is no reference to washing baby's socks and frocks and hankies; there is no record of the search for fish or eggs or tomatoes; no details of making cakes, custards, blancmanges; or of darning socks, mending or making clothes.

The tension and strain of domestic life to-day are at once a burden and a drain on one's powers.

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I suppose it was bad enough in peace time. I know it is infinitely worse in war.

You've got to be careful about soap—a trial for any self-respecting housewife. You've got to plan your meals not a day ahead but several days—when the meat ration is exhausted. And I should think that shopping is the worst fag of all.

Of course, we've still a good variety of food in the shops, so much that our enemies must be envious.

But it isn't easy to balance your "points." It isn't easy to make sure you won't be left with an awkward gap in the rations at the end of the week.

No man realises fully the task of running a home efficiently.

Unhappily most of us men accept things at home, take the running of the house as granted. We like to think that we are the indispensable; that the life of the country in normal times revolves around us.

Don't you believe it! If, in times of peace, the men stayed at home and the women went out to office and factory the nation would soon be on the downward track to disintegration and decay. We poor, stupid males just couldn't do our homework!

Nine Lives for Our Tanks —and These Men Do It

THEY ALL FIGHT NOW

Here's the first story in a fascinating new series that will open your eyes about soldiers who seldom figure in the official reports of battles

By MAURICE FAGENCE

The most miraculous repairs are carried out, often in the torrid heat of the desert

WE have beaten Rommel's men at salvaging and repairing tanks under fire—this time.

Our light aid detachments have carried their little forges, welding equipment and other paraphernalia into the vast swirl of desert warfare and worked under the muzzles of the German guns.

They have had the joy of getting stranded tanks going again with only a minute or so to spare.

Many have been taken prisoner while making one last desperate effort to get the tracks roaring into movement again, and the guns spitting death.

And much more have our lads of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps accomplished in that blistering, sickening heat in which man was never intended to work all out.

Snatched under Fire

Delivering new tanks to replace losses, they have swept straight into battle with them.

They have snatched badly damaged tanks which couldn't be dealt with on the spot from under the very nose of the enemy and whisked them away to advance workshops.

And they have made sure that German tanks—possibly left in our hands very temporarily—would never move again.

Yet nine civilians out of ten, still out of touch with the developments of modern warfare, regard the Royal Army Ordnance Corps as non-combatant!

Non-combatant! I wish they could have stood with me watching R.A.O.C. recruits undergoing Commando training.

Every man has got to undergo it. For the R.A.O.C. technician of to-day has got to be a fighter as well.

They go through water, barbed wire, tunnels little wider than their shoulders and then over a 12-ft. wall—all in full kit, all taking every advantage of any cover presented, and all *thinking for themselves* in the way demanded by the warfare of to-day.

Then they have to resort to unarmed combat—real he-man stuff—to round up paratroops.

They learn how to handle every type of weapon. They study street fighting. They sleep rough in the open country. They go out campaigning for days, with nothing but iron rations for food.

I repeat, this is for every ordnance man, for every ordnance man nowadays has got to be a fighter.

And, no matter how technical his work, every man has to keep his fighting training.

That's how you breed 'em to do the magnificent work they are doing in Libya to-day.

And not only in Libya. At the huge ordnance camp I visited I picked out one or two men who have had foreign service in this war.

One of them had played his part in the defence of a lonely African station, the name of which I musn't mention.

Just did the Job

Every ordnance man had his battle station there—as he has everywhere in this Army of to-day.

One day H.M.S. *Neptune* put in. This man was asked to inspect all her small arms.

Meanwhile, his pals recalibrated her monster guns.

He helped to refit Royal Marines with small arms for a particular battle.

Ark Royal, *Renown*, *Repulse* and other ships put in—some after big sea battles—and all got skilled help in attending to their guns.

There was no red tape. There was no "We're the Army." They just did the job.

I picked out one man who had driven tanks from forward vehicle parks to units in the line in France, Greece, Crete and the Western Desert.

Delivering a tank at Sollum, he found the unit in action. So, given a crew, he sailed into action, too. And that brand-new tank gave a wonderful account of itself.

And here he eyed the Colonel accompanying me rather disconcertingly.

"And do you know, sir," he said, with a brave attempt at hiding his indignation, "that nobody here will let me handle a tank. They say I'm not a tank driver!"

The Colonel will remedy that. Apparently the lad went abroad as an ordinary driver at a time of speedy intake. He was always at his happiest in a tank—it never bothered him that he hadn't qualified to drive one.

Back in England, he didn't say a word. He never asked for a course. He just hid longings, and put up with the shouts of "Come away from that tank, there!"

Well, he will see his ambition realised. And I will digress to add that so would many thousands of other men, in this modern army, if they made their ambitions better known.

Ah, here was a man just back from Russia.

He braved the Arctic seas and the German dive-bombers to take tanks to our Allies.

With the thermometer at more than forty below freezing, our ordnance lads worked twenty-four hours a day to clear the ships before another convoy arrived.

It was dawn at 10.30 a.m. and dusk at three—so they had to work with lights on even with "Jerry" overhead. And men of the R.A.O.C. manned the light anti-aircraft guns.

Taught Russians

And here was another man from Russia. He had gone to teach the Russians all about our tanks—and the multitudinous spare parts accompanying them.

"Lovable" was his word for these people. They surrender their cold reserve slowly, and then become the friendliest people in the world.

As one instance of the all-outness of Russia in the war effort, he said that women are being sent into the munition factories to work alongside their husbands.

When they have learned the job themselves, their menfolk go into the army. Yet the one ambition of the woman is to learn as quickly as possible, and of the men to teach them with all speed.

I spoke to one other man back from Libya. He told me of incredible feats in the repair of British tanks—done in incredible time.

"But whereas 'Jerry's' anti-tank guns could go through the thickest part of our armour twelve months ago, it can't to-day," he said. "And that's going to make a difference."

You may not know it, but the Royal Army Ordnance Corps is to-day the biggest business in the world.

It is in charge of all the "hard" and "soft" stores of the British Army for 95 per cent. of the time from when they are made to when they reach the field.

"Hard" stores include every tank, every wheeled vehicle, every type of gun from two-pounder to 18-in. railway mounted, all weapons, all ammunition, bridging equipment, and radio—in fact, millions of secret and non-secret items. *And all the parts for them.* "Soft" stores include all the Army's clothes, boots, accoutrements and camp equipment.

It has to deliver them in fit condition in any part of the world.

Supposing it is sending guns. It has to load guns and spare parts in such proportions that, if a certain number of ships should be lost, the convoy doesn't arrive with too big a proportion of guns or spare parts.

The Biggest Factory

When it sends tanks to Russia, it has to seal every crevice of every tank with waterproof material. Then it has to put soda-lime in the watertight interior to absorb any moisture.

I was permitted to see its vast central store of tanks waiting delivery to the Army.

I won't give you numbers, but I'll tell you that tanks filled every corner of the biggest factory I have ever seen in my life.

I saw the tanks waiting shipment to Russia. All those we used in the last war would fill but a corner of the huge bay in which they were housed.

I saw the monster department which deals with orders as they arrive—orders for everything, and many of them written in pencil by the light of a hurricane lamp, with a case of bully beef as desk.

It would be unfair to a remarkable organisation to attempt to describe it in few words.

Some of our biggest business men say it is the cleverest scheme they have ever heard about.

No order can be lost. No order can be delayed.

There are 500,000 different catalogue items for the Army to draw on at any moment, and an order reaches the right bin within a matter of minutes.

It has to be packed within an hour, and ready for despatch.

It cannot be delayed, except for some such reason as non-availability.

Regimental Joke

There is no holding up six articles because only five are ready for despatch. The five are sent, and the system makes certain that the sixth follows as soon as it can be got.

They laugh in the R.A.O.C., to-day, at the story handed down from a more ancient army of the unit that asked for a 5-lb. hammer for a very special job, and the system which sent two 2-lb. hammers and a voucher reading: "One 1-lb. hammer to follow."

Every unit in the British Army is a big "customer" of this tremendous concern.

And the only people who know the addresses of the customers work in a cage. Nobody outside that cage can have access to the address books.

You have to have a business mind to appreciate what wonders the R.A.O.C. is performing.

It has to ensure balanced production on behalf of the Army. Woe betide an army that has too many of one article and not enough of another.

Bits and pieces made by hundreds of different manufacturers have to be pieced together to make one article—a gun or tank, for instance.

Spares must always be where they are wanted, when they are wanted—and in 100 per cent. condition.

Men have to be taught to maintain and repair every conceivable type of armament, and to handle native labour.

The guns have got to be fed. Every single piece of ammunition for the Army is handled by the R.A.O.C., and much of it has to be assembled in R.A.O.C. depots.

A Moment's Notice

Soldiers and civilians alike work in the central depots, often side by side. There are some who oppose this system, hold that that side should be a civilian one.

But the R.A.O.C. wants, in every department of its vast undertakings, men who can be moved at a moment's notice to any place in the world.

And such men have to be in uniform.

Actually, the uniformed and non-uniformed workers work very happily together.

And all the time every soldier in the R.A.O.C. has to be the complete soldier—the fighting soldier with his place in the battle line. . .

I will not sum up.

I will leave it to three stalwart civilians who stood by me as I saw hundreds of young R.A.O.C. recruits on parade.

They were Stalin's men. They had come over to help us send the tanks to the Russian army.

Their eyes shone as they saw Young Britain on parade.

"They look keen. They look brave. And, like your tanks, they look dependable," was their verdict.

Next Week: **Pay Corps Wizards.**

JUNE 13, 1942

NOT WHAT HITLER ORDERED!

First rounds of the Nazi do-or-die offensive have gone awry. More attacks, powerful and desperate, will come in this vital Summer, but every week will lengthen the shadow of defeat over the Axis

Says A. G. GARDINER

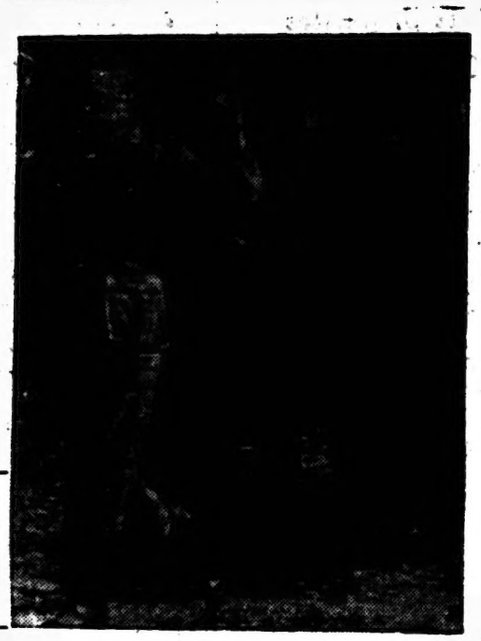
SUNDAY next will be a red-letter day in world history. At the inspiration of President Roosevelt, it will be observed as United Nations Day.

The flags of all the nations leagued together under the Atlantic Charter for the defence of civilisation against the barbarians will be honoured over the whole earth, wherever the soul of freedom still lives and breathes.

On the eve of this first Atlantic Charter Day we may usefully take stock of the present in the light of the past and the future.

First, as to the past. This is a month of terrific memories. Wednesday next is the second anniversary of the Fall of France. On that day Hitler danced his *pas seul* and announced that "the war in the West is over."

Only Britain stood between him and the conquest of the world. And, as the cravens of Vichy told Mr. Churchill, "our neck would be wrung like a chicken's in a fortnight."



Germans—the Master-race as Hitler pictures them—are finding in Russia and Libya that they can be mastered when fought with equal weapons!

It seemed a sure thing. We stood alone and, after Dunkirk, unarmed against the mightiest engine of war in history. We know what happened.

That was June two years ago. Turn to June a year ago. We were still alone, still hopelessly inferior in power. But we had recovered our feet, were striking back, and, though the odds seemed still heavily against us, the world no longer gave us up for lost.

Then the whole scheme and scale of the war changed. We gained a mighty ally. A year ago next Monday week Hitler suddenly invaded Russia. Again, we know what happened.

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Now, in the third June of the war, the tide has turned. Even by the most cautious estimate of the forces engaged, the odds are no longer against us. They are decisively with us.

For what are the outstanding facts of the war to-day? I will glance at them, *pro* and *con*, with as much detachment as I can.

The first is the vast disaster which has befallen Hitler in Russia. His campaign there was conceived as a lightning blow which, in ten weeks at the most, would bring Russia to the dust and leave him free to mass all his invincible might against ourselves.

THE IMMENSITY OF HIS MISCALCULATION IS APPARENT TO ALL THE WORLD. AT THE END OF A YEAR HE IS STILL LOCKED IN AN EMBRACE THAT HE CANNOT SHAKE OFF AND THAT IS BLEEDING HIS ARMY WHITE.

Whatever the ultimate issue of the campaign, German power is perishing on the plains of Russia.

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Meanwhile, the Western world is mobilising behind the enemy in irresistible might. The greatest potentiality on earth has become our ally. And again we have to thank Hitler for the fact.

In trying to redeem one blunder he floundered into another.

When he found he could not crack the Russian nut alone he signalled to Japan to help him, even with the certainty that in doing so the United States would be brought into the war on our side.

It was a desperate gamble and it has failed. It is true that Japan has had astonishing success, but it is a success that has not redeemed Hitler from the Russian morass.

Only an attack on Russia would help Hitler, and Tojo's hands are too full for that.

Moreover, war on Russia would mean the blasting of Japan from the air, and that is a terror that Tojo will not lightly invite.

On the other hand, the accession of the United States to the foes of the Axis is a source of immense and immediate aid to the United Nations.

This is a war of mechanical power. It was the flying start which Hitler got in the creation of this power that made him master of Europe and so nearly master of the world.

That advantage is no longer his. In the production of all the material of war, Britain, the United States and Russia have overtaken Germany, and every week that passes should see their supremacy more decisively established.

THIS IS THE KEY TO VICTORY AND IT IS IN OUR HANDS. I DO NOT SAY THAT THE DANGER POINT IS PASSED, BUT IT IS PASSING. INDEED, IN ONE ELEMENT WE ARE NOW QUITE DEFINITELY ON TOP.

And it is the element to which Hitler looked mainly for victory. The demands of Russia on his air resources and the torrential output of Britain and America have snatched the dominion of the air from his grasp.

The sensational raids by the R.A.F. on the great industrial centres of Germany have revealed his growing inferiority—an inferiority that will increase by leaps and bounds as American production reaches its astronomical peak.

The adverse effect of these raids on the material power and still more the moral reserves of Germany can hardly be doubted.

It has been the cardinal doctrine of German policy that the horrors of war should be experienced only by the enemy.

Now those horrors have come home to the German people with a vengeance. Hence the new note of panic in the speeches of Hitler and Goering.

The shadow of a great fear is over them. It will deepen and grow until it overwhelms them.

It is a much-controverted point among the pundits whether air power alone can achieve victory in war. The coming months may decide the point.

But in any case, air power is the prelude to victory, and no comparison between June, 1942, and June, 1941, is more comforting than the knowledge that this instrument has passed from the Axis to us.

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Perhaps the most vulnerable spot in our front is the sea. Since the betrayal of France our margin has always been dangerously narrow, and it still is so.

It is a miracle of seamanship alone that has kept our flag flying over the Mediterranean and has enabled us to survive the desperate attempts to cut our Atlantic lifeline.

But, except for the lamentable losses to Japan, our position is not worse than it was a year ago, and, short of an inconceivable act of treachery by our late allies, it should rapidly improve with the growing momentum of American production.

Seen in the light of the perils of the past, therefore, we can celebrate the first Atlantic Charter Day with reasoned confidence.

We are no longer alone. We have "allies manifold." We are growing in power: the enemy has reached his limits.

The moral sentiment of the world is with us: the enemy is enveloped by the hatred of the nations he has outraged, pillaged and enslaved.

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But it is not for these reasons alone that I have said that Sunday next will be a red-letter day in world history. It is a beacon that sheds its light not only on the past and the present, but on the future.

It marks the launching of a new World Order that will make the recurrence of the agonies through which we are passing to-day for ever impossible.

THE TWENTY-SIX NATIONS WHICH HAVE COME TOGETHER TO DESTROY THE BARBARIANS WHO HAVE WRECKED THE WORLD MUST SEE THEIR TASK THROUGH BEYOND THE WAR TO THE CREATION OF A NEW WORLD SOCIETY.

The Atlantic Charter is the new Magna Carta of humanity.

It is not enough to win the war—we must salve that great instrument of freedom from the wreck. There will be no deserters from the war. There must be no deserters from the peace.

Will Bombing Alone Bring Victory?

THIS much-discussed question, so far as it affects Germany, can now be examined in a vastly different light from, say, even six months ago.

Certainly the whole position has changed since the question was put bluntly to Lord Beaverbrook in America last summer, and he snapped the reply: "It did not beat us!"

There was an undertone of cautious scepticism in his answer. If he, or any other leading Allied statesman in full possession of the facts and figures, were asked the same question *now*, the answer might still be the same, but the tone would be different, for many things have changed since.

Last summer we could only fervently *hope* that Russia would hold out until the winter, but who could be *sure* of it?

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We had to take into account the possibility that the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* would remain only temporarily pinned along the vast Eastern Front, and then be sent back to the airfields along the Channel coast to resume its mass attacks on British towns.

Thus our calculations had to take account of the effect on German morale, both on the battlefront and at home, of a sweeping victory by Hitler over the formidable Soviet state.

Instead, the "miracle of Moscow"—and of Leningrad, of Rostov and Sevastopol—has changed the position in almost every respect.

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The *Luftwaffe* remained—and will presumably remain—pinned up in the East; Germany has lost millions of men; will lose more millions in the months to come, and is facing an increasingly difficult man-power problem both in the armed forces and industry.

And above all: German morale has suffered a staggering blow, of which Hitler's own speeches since last December are the most authentic evidence.

The question "Will Bombing Beat Them?" can therefore be examined and answered in a totally different light.

My personal view is that it is very doubtful whether the German people can, in the long run, stand the "four figure raids" which have just begun.

I am not relying on the material damage, the reduction of arms production, the dislocation of traffic and all the other purely physical effects of such gigantic raids.

I am thinking more of the moral effect of these casualties of bombs on a nation which is already tottering under the blows received on the Eastern Front.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the German nation is losing its faith in its leaders. It still clings to the hope of victory, but no longer really believes in it.

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Only one thing still holds together millions of Germans, who are not personally and directly interested in the survival of the Nazi régime. That is fear of the future. It is Hitler's and Goebbels' supreme weapon. It will not last for ever, but it may last for a time.

While it is safer for us to assume that bombing *alone* will not beat them, it is quite reasonable to expect that it will precipitate the end, especially if it is accompanied by heavy military blows both in the East and the West, and by clever propaganda.

The right approach is the one made by Mr. Herbert Morrison when he broadcast a message to the German workers after the first big raid on Cologne.

"It all depends on you to have it stopped at once and to secure a just peace," he said. "Get rid of Hitler and his régime, revolt against the gangsters who plunged you and the world into this total war."

VICTOR SCHIFF.

JUNE 13, 1942

ITLER ORDERED!

Russia on his air resources and the torrential output of Britain and America have snatched the dominion of the air from his grasp.

The sensational raids by the R.A.F. on the great industrial centres of Germany have revealed his growing inferiority—an inferiority that will increase by leaps and bounds as American production reaches its astronomical peak.

The adverse effect of these raids on the material power and still more the moral reserves of Germany can hardly be doubted.

It has been the cardinal doctrine of German policy that the horrors of war should be experienced only by the enemy.

Now those horrors have come home to the German people with a vengeance. Hence the new note of panic in the speeches of Hitler and Goering.

The shadow of a great fear is over them. It will deepen and grow until it overwhelms them.

It is a much-controverted point among the pundits whether air power alone can achieve victory in war. The coming months may decide the point.

But in any case, air power is the prelude to victory, and no comparison between June, 1942, and June, 1941, is more comforting than the knowledge that this instrument has passed from the Axis to us.

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Perhaps the most vulnerable spot in our front is the sea. Since the betrayal of France our margin has always been dangerously narrow, and it still is so.

It is a miracle of seamanship alone that has kept our flag flying over the Mediterranean and has enabled us to survive the desperate attempts to cut our Atlantic lifeline.

But, except for the lamentable losses to Japan, our position is not worse than it was a year ago, and, short of an inconceivable act of treachery by our late allies, it should rapidly improve with the growing momentum of American production.

Seen in the light of the perils of the past, therefore, we can celebrate the first Atlantic Charter Day with reasoned confidence.

We are no longer alone. We have "allies manifold." We are growing in power: the enemy has reached his limits.

The moral sentiment of the world is with us: the enemy is enveloped by the hatred of the nations he has outraged, pillaged and enslaved.

★ ★ ★

But it is not for these reasons alone that I have said that Sunday next will be a red-letter day in world history. It is a beacon that sheds its light not only on the past and the present, but on the future.

It marks the launching of a new World Order that will make the recurrence of the agonies through which we are passing to-day for ever impossible.

THE TWENTY-SIX NATIONS WHICH HAVE COME TOGETHER TO DESTROY THE BARBARIANS WHO HAVE WRECKED THE WORLD MUST SEE THEIR TASK THROUGH BEYOND THE WAR TO THE CREATION OF A NEW WORLD SOCIETY.

The Atlantic Charter is the new Magna Carta of humanity.

It is not enough to win the war—we must salve that great instrument of freedom from the wreck. There will be no deserters from the war. There must be no deserters from the peace.

Will Bombing Alone Bring Victory?

THIS much-discussed question, so far as it affects Germany, can now be examined in a vastly different light from, say, even six months ago.

Certainly the whole position has changed since the question was put bluntly to Lord Beaverbrook in America last summer, and he snapped the reply: "It did not beat us!"

There was an undertone of cautious scepticism in his answer. If he, or any other leading Allied statesman in full possession of the facts and figures, were asked the same question *now*, the answer might still be the same, but the tone would be different, for many things have changed since.

Last summer we could only fervently *hope* that Russia would hold out until the winter, but who could be *sure* of it?

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We had to take into account the possibility that the bulk of the *Luftwaffe* would remain only temporarily pinned along the vast Eastern Front, and then be sent back to the airfields along the Channel coast to resume its mass attacks on British towns.

Thus our calculations had to take account of the effect on German morale, both on the battlefront and at home, of a sweeping victory by Hitler over the formidable Soviet state.

Instead, the "miracle of Moscow"—and of Leningrad, of Rostov and Sevastopol—has changed the position in almost every respect.

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The *Luftwaffe* remained—and will presumably remain—pinned up in the East; Germany has lost millions of men; will lose more millions in the months to come, and is facing an increasingly difficult man-power problem both in the armed forces and industry.

And above all: German morale has suffered a staggering blow, of which Hitler's own speeches since last December are the most authentic evidence.

The question "Will Bombing Beat Them?" can therefore be examined and answered in a totally different light.

My personal view is that it is very doubtful whether the German people can, in the long run, stand the "four figure raids" which have just begun.

I am not relying on the material damage, the reduction of arms production, the dislocation of traffic and all the other purely physical effects of such gigantic raids.

I am thinking more of the moral effect of these cascades of bombs on a nation which is already tottering under the blows received on the Eastern Front.

There can, I think, be no doubt that the German nation is losing its faith in its leaders. It still clings to the hope of victory, but no longer really believes in it.

★ ★ ★

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VICTOR SCHIFF.

These cheery airmen have waited patiently for this big job

There'll be 2,000 a Night Soon

By JOHN CASHEL

WITH the first four-figure raid in air history, the visionary question of "What Can 1,000 Bombers Do in a Night?" has become the practical one of "What Can 2,000 Do?" for we shall have to send that number and more on many nights before we can keep up the 1,000 average.

Remember that nearly 2,000 tons on Cologne would be near 4,000 if dropped by 2,000 bombers, and that before the summer is out the figure may rise to about 3,000 tons per thousand bombers.

Now compare this with what happened to London.

On its two worst blitz nights the official estimate is that not more than 400 bombers dropped about 400 tons of bombs on it. Over its wide area, not on a comparatively confined space like Cologne.

And yet, you remember we Londoners whispered to one another, "What would be left of it if he could keep that up for a week!"

His highest average was not more than 200 tons a night.

What came down in a whole month during the very height of the blitz was not much more than double what went down on Cologne in a night!

Lubeck Dwarfed

Poor "coventrated" Coventry got 200 tons on its worst visitation.

Cologne's 2,000 tons now dwarfs the 1,000 we showered on Rostock in four nights, the 300 on Lubeck, and the over-400 on the Renault works near Paris.

If the R.A.F. could *average* 1,000 bombers *every night*, as, with a joint U.S. offensive, it hopes to do when this gets under way, we could "Rostock" four German towns nightly, twenty-eight weekly, and 840 monthly!

But that can't happen, even with the weather advantages of summer, until 2,000 or even more bombers go over some nights to keep up the average.

If half the nights even in a summer month are "flying nights" that is a good average.

The *average* was what Air Marshal A. T. Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, had in mind when he said, "If I could send 1,000 bombers to Germany every night it would end the war by the autumn."

Balancing facts avoids false hopes, and there are some others.

Operating an average of 1,000 bombers a night probably means a reserve of another 4,000. Operating 2,000, a reserve of another 8,000.

It will come, with the soaring Anglo-American rate of production that has now far outstripped Germany's.

One of the most interesting revelations of the war is that the magnitude of aircraft production, with its ever-changing problems as machines and weapons and tactics are swiftly out-dated, has proved a tougher job than even Hitler imagined.

They are Short

That is why with all his planning, long start, initial territorial gains and their factory and man-power facilities, he now finds himself short of aircraft.

Even after bombs are produced the problem of distributing an average of 2,000 tons a day to the aerodromes will load the railways and other means of conveyance

As will the daily hundreds of thousands of gallons of petrol, for nightly raids that may average 500,000 miles.

Bombers may leave from thirty or forty aerodromes in a single night, in staggering contrast to the three or four probably in use for any one raid early in the war.

Then, probably, not more than a dozen 'planes left one station. Now it may be thrice that number.

The most minute co-ordination is necessary between all these aerodromes with 1,000, let alone 2,000, machines swarming the air. Getting them up is easier than getting them down.

With meticulous planning, the outward trip is plain sailing. The homeward one is thrown out of joint by casualties and everything else that has gone wrong from freakish weather to wireless troubles.

Tricky Weather

When you take off you know what your base weather is like. When you come back you chance your luck.

Even in summer there is frequently a lot of mist and cloud over home aerodromes, though it may not have been sufficiently perilous at the start for operations to be cancelled.

Add to the nights when the weather is unsuitable at home those when it is too bad over Germany to throw bombs away without seeing what you are shooting at, and you get an idea of how two or more thousand bombers a night must become a practical proposition before 1,000 a night average can be kept up.

Massive four-engined bombers like the Stirling carry a bomb-load up to eight tons, and the Halifax and the Lancaster bear probably not much less, and more of these are necessary to sustain that average.

They require bigger crews to fly them and swarms more groundsmen to service them, who have to be housed.

How many four-engine giants go on a thousand a night raid? That cannot be stated, and in any case the number will vary according to distance, objectives, resting of personnel.

Crews can't stand the racket every night. Two nights a week is enough for any man.

This the more so as in bombing Germany the R.A.F. flies three to six times farther than the Luftwaffe does in its raids on Britain.

Distance probably halves the heavyweights' bomb-carrying capacity, as it does that of the much larger proportion of other bombers that go with them . . . the two-engined, well-tried and improved Wellingtons—which still bear the brunt in numbers—the Manchesters, Hampdens, Whitleys, Blenheims and others.

Even so, the average on the first four-figure night was nearly two tons per bomber.

In the brief span of a little over two years four-figure reality has been realised from the day when air history was made by the mass attack of about *forty* Wellingtons on the North Sea island of Sylt.

They carried roughly a one-ton bomb-load each.

The Germans carried little more in the much-later days of the blitz.

We are winning the war against losses, too.

Compare the 33 we brought down of the 300 (10 per cent.) that came over in the famous moonlight raid, and the 7 of 50 (14 per cent.) we destroyed the night before four-figure Cologne, which cost us less than 5 per cent.

War of Losses

This may augur that the more the bombers, the more they overreach "defence saturation" point and the less the loss.

The aim of 2,000 a night with the joint offensive of a U.S. bomber force would still further confuse the enemy defences, and provide ample forces for heavy two-raids-a-night onslaughts on one place.

Lieut.-General Arnold and Rear-Admiral John H. Towers, the American Air Chiefs recently in London, with their planners, are helping to think this out.

They have made a great impression on the R.A.F. They are very serious, very grim, and hundred-per-centers in the spirit of co-operation.

With their joint offensive taking shape, the beginning of a terrific "Second Front in the Air" is here, besides the one promised on land.

DON'T GIVE UP THE PAPER CHASE!

Sir Wyndham Childs' Comments

THERE ARE MORE CHEATS LIKE REV. CLAPHAM

REVELATIONS in the Old Bailey fraud case against the Rev. Harry Clapham should at last shock the Churches into opening their long-shut eyes.

And I propose to shock Church ears with highly disquieting facts about many charities organised in the name of religion.

Some of these charities are blatant frauds. Others are well intentioned but dangerously slipshod.

Some surpliced rogues are not entitled to the robes they wear. Others, unfortunately, have taken Holy Orders.

It is not so easy to classify such a man as the "Rev. R. C. Pate," who is now making a rich living.

He may or may not be a real parson. Certainly he was formerly a lay preacher.

Now he tours the country, from Cardiff to Aberdeen, arranging special shows of Sunday films and pocketing the proceeds.

Sometimes he pays for the hire of cinemas—and sometimes he promises to do so but doesn't.

His net profit averages £30 a night. It has been as much as £50 a show, for he takes a collection as well as charging for admission.

Next morning, he has been known to leave the town hurriedly without paying the hotel bill.

Blessed Success!

In Manchester, he failed to meet bills for local Press advertising. In Birmingham, he received the blessing of the Chief Constable and magistrates by pretending he was anxious to keep young munition workers off the streets by giving them a Sunday evening show.

The cinema was crowded to capacity; the entertainment was a great success; and the "reverend" bilker disappeared with bulging pockets.

His films were obtained from the Christian Cinema Council and Religious Film Society of Dunstable, which was quite unaware of his plan of campaign and whose name he uses without authority.

And the Society, like myself, doubts whether this plausible young man in clerical attire is really a parson.

Just outside London, in a fine house surrounded by acres of gardens, lives a charity promoter whose income was derived from indiscriminate charity appeals.

True, for more than forty years he ran a "mission" in South London.

But though some of the money raised went to the mission, it has also provided a living for its administrators.

Still Busy

Recently, the police intervened to stop the appeal circulars; now the promoter's hirelings are operating similar enterprises on a smaller scale.

Let me now deal with the type of religious charity that is well intentioned but vague.

One person I know of makes postal appeals on behalf of the poor and distressed. No doubt he distributes the proceeds quite fairly. But, so far, he has not issued a properly audited balance-sheet.

Now, that won't do.

It is not fair to the public, it is not fair to the religious charities whose methods are unimpeachable, that such laxness should be possible.

Though the charity law has been amended, it is still as full of loopholes as a colander unless actual fraud can be proved.

Though door-to-door cadging is now illegal unless police authority is obtained, there are no restrictions on the use of the post for charity-mongering.

We cannot hope for the law to be changed during war time.

But I do suggest that the Churches take the matter up immediately.

Bishops and other appropriate heads of other denominations should warn the public to subscribe only to those religious charities that have official approval.

And if, as Mr. Astbury, general secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, states in a letter to the *Times*, they have not the necessary powers to impose suitable restrictions, it is clearly the duty of the proper authority to provide them without delay.

Approval to charitable appeals to the public should only be allowed when the authorities are satisfied that all money will be specially banked, controlled by properly appointed trustees, and regularly audited.

Such a step would outlaw such pseudo-religious movements as two which collect tens of thousands of pounds a year by postal appeals on behalf of orphans, widows, and other distressed people.

Pickwickian Reverend Harry Clapham had for years lined his pockets from charitable appeals

Both societies do good work. But their expenses are out of all proportion to its scope.

Such a scheme as I have suggested would strip the pretence from that old "expert," Pastor Hurst, who is now working in the provinces.

It would prevent a repetition of the scene in the East End of London when a charity, which had begged clothing for the poor, sold the lot to anyone who cared to buy.

Crowds collected; there was a scramble, and police had to be called to prevent a hooligans' riot!

No, three years' penal servitude for the Rev. Harry Clapham will not succeed in cleaning-up the charity-cum-business racket.

Not one undesirable should be removed from Society but all whose methods invite suspicion.

Fee-Snatchers Busy Again

THE first two years of war saw the end of many fee-snatching concerns, and I had hoped that some of these gentry were now doing a useful job in the Services.

But I was wrong. They had only gone into hiding, and now they are back again at their old tricks.

The Song and Dance fee-snatchers are particularly busy just now.

There is the usual invitation to aspiring lyric writers to send their songs for a special musical setting at a fee of a guinea or two.

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Then there is an approach from a firm of music publishers who will publish the song and have it played "by the most popular B.B.C. dance bands," the intended victim being asked to pay a considerable sum towards publishing costs.

I can only say that if the amateur song writer is foolish enough to part with his money, he will be sorry.

A new twist by one of these mushroom music publishing firms is to approach artistes and dance band leaders to perform special numbers.

The bait offered is that the portrait of the artiste will appear on the cover of the song. Also a royalty of 2½d. on every copy of the first edition sold is offered.

Later it seems that the "royalty" becomes a commission on copies sold by the artiste or band leader.

These "generous" offers by here to-day and gone to-morrow music publishers should be placed on the salvage heap.

There has also been a great increase in the activities of the "Matrimonial" fee-snatchers.

First there is a very de-luxe marriage agency which on very expensive stationery offers its services for an annual subscription of £3—or half price for the Forces.

This organisation accepts no responsibility for the bona-fides of its clients—and there is the obvious danger.

A confirmed bigamist can get introductions to innocent and wealthy dupes by the simple means of paying a £3 yearly subscription.

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Madame Lawrence, of Sloane Square, S.W., who does anything from Clairvoyance under "Royal Patronage" to Nature Cure and Magnetic Healing, has opened a matrimonial bureau as a side-line.

Madame offers to arrange introductions for friendship or marriage—for a fee of course.

Unhappily there is a great increase in the activities of these matrimonial, friendship and correspondence clubs.

Those who pay the fees may easily become the victims of sinister and unscrupulous people.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. J. A. Kirkbride, Pasture Road, Baildon, Shipley, Yorks, gets this week's Public Benefactor £1 1s. for information.

Please send letters about matters of public interest, marking envelopes: "Public Benefactor."

The Bristling "Whiskers" Spots Them

BEGINNING with a nucleus of volunteer bankers, statisticians, lawyers and trade experts in a chain of converted classrooms, Britain's enonomic shock troops have been dabbling for three years in international dynamite.

Now they occupy one of the largest office buildings in the West End of London.

Known officially as the Ministry of Economic Warfare, their more affectionate title is "*Whiskers" of London*—their cable address.

They dare not anticipate victory by an hour. Every time a Nazi salesman meets a Jap diplomat their scouts are on their toes. Whenever a tramp steamer slips from some unheard-of South Seas isle with a secret cargo for Hitler, they must know—and act!

It's due to "Whiskers" that an Axis suit takes 45 out of 150 clothing coupons, and a yard of material 18; and that when a Nazi needs a new overcoat he must surrender no less than 120 coupons as well as give certain proof that his old coat is practically worn off his back.

★ ★ ★

Thanks to "Whiskers," despite all Hitler's conquests, the Nazis are so short of petrol in France that German officers in Paris must ride bicycles or walk.

Goering insisted on guns instead of butter. Seventy-two per cent. of the Nazi nickel imports used to come from the U.S.A. and Canada. Much was undoubtedly hoarded . . . yet last year the great Robert Bosch concern, according to their own report, was able to get only 200 lb. of nickel against 66,000 lb. a year pre-war.

Thanks to "Whiskers"!

Copper is so scarce that the wrought copper doors of Hitler's Chancellery have been melted down, and churches have been stripped of copper roofings centuries old.

When the war began Hitler was still able to count on Turkey's exportable surplus of 200,000 tons of chromium a year—until British trade delegates with open cheque-books visited Ankara.

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There's the startling fact that 51 per cent. of the world's mercury supply comes from the Spanish Almaden mines.

There's the equally startling fact that it was Britain's special envoy in Madrid, Sir Samuel Hoare, who recently signed with the Spanish Ministry of Commerce a trade agreement for 12,000 75-lb. flasks. Hitler is still direly short.

There are leaks in the blockade. Sometimes as fast as "Whiskers" plugs them Hitler forces new breaches in the iron walls.

The French leak has been notorious. While the French people were unable to buy dried fruit, supplies from French Morocco consigned to Germany were still crossing the Vichy border.

Hence the Marseilles tea parties in Boston style, when dockers toppled goods intended for Germany into the sea, sabotaging ships at the quayside or firing the railway trucks.

You can't help remembering how in 1918 the German colossus was brought to a halt because the Reichswehr had only another 1,000,000 tons of oil, the soldiers had leaking boots and ragged uniforms, and the Kiel dock-workers revolted from sheer fatigue. . . .

Nor can Hitler.

Hitler knows that he must escape from the stranglehold of economic warfare . . . or perish.

HAROLD A. ALBERT.

JOHN BULL'S TEN MINUTE STORY

The Eye of Shiva

★

By HEDLEY BARKER

A RARE and peculiar man, Captain Brass, whichever way you looked at him. To begin with, he was six-foot-three to the dot, and as broad in the beam as a baby whale.

Then he had a pair of fiery eyes, the both of which swivelled different ways, and a swaggering, piratical beard. And though he could swear in ten languages he could only say his prayers in one. Not that he was ever heard to pray—a man of the poop, you'll understand, rather than of the pew.

As for his men, in whatever ships he commanded, they swore by him. A first-class sailor-man, copper-bottomed and double-riveted, that's what they said.

Not at all the kind of man who'd have any truck with magic eyes, you would think. Superstition was the last thing you would impute to Captain Brass. But there you are. As a man's made, so he must go, and Captain Brass was probably the most superstitious mariner who ever sailed from Costa Rica with a cargo of coffee.

Not that he ever advertised it. But if he took a liking to you, and the whisky was good, and he was in the mood to unburden himself, you would sooner or later look upon the magic eye and be made privy to its history.

"I was in Bombay," the Captain would say "that's how it came about. In hospital I was, the worse for appendicitis. And when they'd put a patch in my boiler and drawn the stitches, there was I without a ship and nothing to do with me time. So I decided to take a walk. Great walker, I was, in those days. I'd have walked the guts out of a bull elephant."

Well, the Captain walked and walked. "Steamed five knots an hour, I did, and that's pretty good moving for one pair of legs. And presently I finds meself a hundred and fifty miles inland at a little village called Shuwari, Shakari—doesn't matter about the name, anyway."

The villagers, Captain Brass would tell you, were in a great state of agitation. They came out to meet him, and led him to a hut.

"Feller sick in there, see? Plenty big joss-man, I suppose—fakir, or whatever they call 'em. Or was it Yogi? At all events, there he was. Appeared a tiger had half-eaten him for breakfast and left him for dead."

CUTTING a long story short, the Captain got to work with a first-aid outfit that he carried in his rucksack, and stayed to observe results.

"In less than three weeks he was hopping about, salaaming all over the place, kissing me hands, Sahib this, Sahib that. And finally he calls all his people together and gets 'em chanting a queer kind of song. Sacred music I guess, though it sounded like nothing on earth to me."

The Captain grew slightly restive over the next part of the ceremony. "Anointed me with oil, this feller did, out of a bottle. Phooey! Just like a thousand polecats. And then he gives me this. Eye of Shiva, he called it, 's far as I can remember. Prophetess or something. Anyway, a very big noise indeed, for when he hangs this thing around my neck they raised a shout fit to waken a brass monkey."

Captain Brass would then haul up from beneath his vest the Eye of Shiva on a long gold chain. A curious toy. It consisted of a glass ball about the size of a marble. Inside it was an eight-pointed star built around what might be described as an eye. There was some sort of inscription on the star, though this couldn't be deciphered because of a cloudiness in the glass.

"Guess it's Hindustani," the Captain would say. "Maybe it's the name of the goddess, or whatever she was. Anyway, there it is. And it's saved my life, sir, hundreds of times. So long as I wore it round my neck, this Yogi merchant told me, I'd be protected from all harm. Made by a priest, he said it was, in the Holy of Holies, and purified seven times."

So when the war broke out and Captain Brass found himself in charge of a tanker he put to sea with a serene confidence in his capacity to keep on living that was proof even against the fact that his ship sailed on Friday the thirteenth.

On the third night out they moved into the danger area. Sinkings had, of course, been reported all over the place, but this particular zone was the hottest spot of all. A pretty fast ship, the *Kandahar* was not sailing in convoy, and the mate, a man of gloom, was not very happy about her chances.

Captain Brass was moved to confide in his subordinate.

"Listen, Mister," he said. "I've had as many narrow shaves as any man living. And what d'ye think that's due to?"

"Luck," said Mr. Shale. "Some men are born that way. I myself——"

"Not so," denied Captain Brass. "In my case it's due to the Eye of Shiva."

"Eh?" Mr. Shale wondered if he had heard aright, then found himself staring at a little globe on the end of a gold chain.

"Tricky bit of work," he conceded. "And what did you call it, Captain?"

Captain Brass narrated the whole story. He had worn that talisman, he said, day and night for thirty-five years.

"Made by a priest," he emphasised, "of the Holy of Holies, and purified seven times."

"H'm," muttered Mr. Shale. "And you think——"

"I'm sure."

At that moment both Captain Brass and Mr. Shale almost jumped out of their skins as the alarm bell from the crow's-nest rang sharply on the bridge. There was a full moon. Added to this was the light of countless stars touching the sea to a silver gleam. And suddenly the mate let out a yell. "Torpedo on the starboard beam!"

"Hard over!" cried Captain Brass, "Hard aport!"

TOO late. The whole world exploded, was wrapped in flame. Captain Brass all at once lost contact with the deck; was whirled up, over, down. When he broke surface it was to see the *Kandahar* blazing like a torch from end to end.

The Captain raised his voice in a shout. "Ahoy, there! Anybody about?"

No answer. A terrific heat scorched his face. Flames leapt higher than the topmast with a noise like thunder. Captain Brass struck out, away from the hell of burning. And presently he touched something.

The dinghy, and in it, Mr. Shale.

"Well," said the Captain, "we're saved, anyway."

"Not yet," said Mr. Shale. "We're six hundred miles from land."

Captain Brass put up a hand to his chest, felt the hard lump of the little glass ball.

"We shall make it," he prophesied. "Better step the mast and get sail on her."

A gale was rising. Hour by hour the seas rose. At six o'clock in the morning the sail took wing with a clap like a cannon-shot.

"Bale!" yelled the Captain. "Bale like hell!"

They baled. The boat filled up; they baled again. All that day they flourished the baling-tin until their arms were numb and their throats dry as a kiln.

"It's abating," said Captain Brass. "We'll have a drink, something to eat."

Mr. Shale looked about in the boat, gave a queer, cracked laugh.

No water. It must have dropped out of the boat as she turned over in the explosion.

ON the fourth day Mr. Shale was looking a bit wild. He wore the aspect of a silly man, and when Captain Brass showed him the Eye of Shiva he laughed hysterically.

And when a gale overwhelmed them for the second time, even Captain Brass was shaken in his faith. Darkness came down upon them. In a night primed with violence his right arm moved weakly in the motions of baling. The motions ceased. The end was plain. The old priest had failed him.

It was the crash that woke him up. The crash of their boat landing on a foreign beach. Mr. Shale was in bad shape. But daylight brought water and food: there was an ample supply of both in a steel locker placed there against the accidents of war.

When Mr. Shale was himself again Captain Brass returned to the Eye of Shiva.

"You didn't believe in it, Mr. Shale, did you? I guess you thought I was short of a couple of rivets when I talked about the old priest. Well, here we are, all intact. And if that isn't a miracle, maybe you'll tell me what is?"

At which point Captain Brass hauled up his talisman on the end of its chain. He was removing the chain from his neck when he gave a cry of dismay.

In falling, it had struck a boulder. The glass ball was broken. Only the star and the eye remained.

That, and the inscription.

"Maybe," muttered Captain Brass, when he had recovered from the blow, "it's the name of that old priest. By gosh, if it is, I'll make a point of looking up his relatives after this war's over."

The print was small. But at last, by holding the inscription at a certain angle to the sun, he was able to read it:

"Made in Birmingham," it said. "Pat. No. 13752."

Human Machine

OUR POWER

Man is supposed to be boss of all material things. He is supposed to be Lord of the Earth, in its material aspect, to be able to make all things obey him and to be able to mould everything to his will.

Is he? Can he?

Well, it all depends on the man. Some can. Some can't.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say some won't. All could—if they would.

We don't always realise what an invincible weapon our power of refusal is. It makes us, if we care to use it, real individuals and not just units in a herd.

It enables us to ignore specious propaganda. It gives us power to refrain from acts of unreason. It makes us able NOT to listen to the radio, NOT to read papers and magazines and books we don't wish to have thrust on us, NOT to go to places we don't wish to visit.

It may sound obvious, but don't just dismiss all this as childishly simple. Very few people are really sufficiently self-disciplined to exercise their power of refusal and resistance to suggestion.

Often to do this means standing out against the majority—never an easy thing to do. It certainly implies strength of will and a cultivated intelligence—neither of them easy things to attain.

It means, in fact, very real self-knowledge.

If you have that, you are self-disciplined. If you are that, then indeed you are invincible.

BRING A BOMBER TO BRITAIN!

SALFORD stands for Efficiency at the Ministry of Supply.

For Salford has 1,450 salvage stewards.

They have collected sufficient waste paper to provide 60,000 containers for 4-5-in. shells every year.

They have raked in sufficient bones, metal, bottles, etc., to make a really noticeable difference to the national resources from which tanks, 'planes, ships and weapons are made.

In addition, they have helped the local Cleansing Department to economise in the use of transport.

Now Salford isn't the only city that is doing its salvage duty grandly. But it is well worth considering what our position would be if every place worked as well.

Not so often would munition firms seeking material be notified "n.a." The dreaded initials "n.a." mean "not available." Fewer ships would be risked on unnecessary journeys, fewer sailors endangered bringing cargoes that should never be brought.

There would be more oranges—usually brought here when there happens to be a bit of available deck space.

Lord Woolton, confident about our food position, would be more confident still.

Whoever can't be bothered to save waste is delaying Victory.

Anyone with the Salford mind is advancing it.

You, becoming a salvage steward for your street, could soon make enough deck room for an American bomber to be brought here.

Why not do it? Just give your name to your local authority. It will do the rest.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Wagging tongues breed distress. Hard though it may be, the only thing to do is to ignore them

GOSSIPS: EVIL JOKES: AND THE SURPRISE

By HUMANIST

I HAVE received a letter from a woman who is being cold-shouldered by her neighbours because she is trying to help the war effort. Can one believe that?

My neighbour, *she writes*, is spreading the story that my house must be dirty because I am out so much. Neither she nor her friends are doing anything to help, and as she has never been inside my home she cannot know anything about it.

I help with the Red Cross penny-a-week collections on Monday afternoons. I do some more for the same cause on Tuesday afternoons. On Wednesday afternoon we have a working party, knitting and sewing for the Red Cross, and of course we take some work home to fill spare moments until the next meeting. On Saturdays, I am on duty at a Service canteen.

But after all, what do houses or anything else matter when the country is fighting for the very right to live? If I were a bit younger I should do much more than I am doing now—I am over 40—but why can't these busybodies leave us alone?

The writer is evidently doing her best to help, but her neighbours appear to do nothing whatever. There are not many such left, and I imagine they are suffering twinges of conscience on the subject. That probably explains their behaviour towards the woman who makes them feel ashamed.

They are not worth a moment's thought. I advise her to treat them as they deserve. Their slanders cannot do any real harm, although I admit they can be irritating, just as mosquitoes can be. One can swat a mosquito and be done with it, but the busybodies keep on and on. The only sensible thing is to ignore them.

THE young man with ideals will not allow himself to tell suggestive stories, but what should he do when they are told to him?

Having recently been incapacitated from work, *writes a reader*, I have had time to visit theatres and cinemas fairly frequently.

Many of the jokes on the music-hall stage are more than coarse, often verging on the indecent; but apart from that there seems to be a lack of anything new or creative.

Do you think that our critical faculties are becoming blunted and that those who provide entertainment for us are taking advantage of the fact? The public is surely entitled to receive something better in return for hard-earned money. But how can they show their disapproval?

It is difficult to find new jokes of any kind nowadays. A witty story told by a broadcasting comedian reaches millions at once, whereas years ago he could use it for months up and down the country. A good song is "done to death" in a week! It is a hard life for entertainers.

Serious attempts are made to stamp out the suggestive story. ENSA, which provides entertainment for the troops and war-workers in factories, carefully scrutinises every word of the scripts, as does the B.B.C. But some comedians do not keep to the script when they are on tour, and if they give offence they should be reported.

Music-hall jokes will be dropped like the hot chestnuts they are when they fail to evoke a laugh. Nothing is achieved by denouncing them as "wicked"—but much will be done when the public treats them as childish or merely silly.

HERE is a totally different sort of problem.

A sad blow came to my wife and myself, *writes another reader*. Our youngest daughter died and left big heartaches behind. But our elder children, whom we had alway regarded as hard-boiled and utterly selfish, were just splendid in their help during the difficult days that followed the bereavement.

They gave up their week-ends and watched for every opportunity to make our burden lighter. We could not have had better "comforts" in the home than these two ultra-modern children. Now, Humanist, can you help us with our problem? How can my wife and I best show our regret for our mistaken judgment of the young fellow and girl who stood by us so wonderfully in the hour of trial?

The letter does not surprise me at all. I know these so-called "hard-boiled" young people and am aware that their show of callousness is deceptive. They are all right at heart.

There is no need for the parents to make speeches to their older children. Their change of attitude must be quite obvious from their looks, their tone of voice, their whole manner.

Nazi Terror is

Nemesis is tapping the hideous Nazi gangsters on the shoulders. Driven desperate by ferocious brutality, people in occupied countries are showing their oppressors that terror can be two-edged

Says **WILLI FRISCHAUER**

THE man who shot Heydrich is the symbol of a new phase in the short but horrible history of their régime. One word now expresses the spirit of the enslaved people, both inside Germany and in the occupied countries of Europe.

That word is—Vengeance. And vengeance takes its toll!

Watch the ghastly spectacle of a Continent shackled by the mediæval terror of the tyrants, move towards a dramatic climax. The slaughter of women and children in Czechoslovakia, the new practice of wiping out whole families of patriots is already exacting the penalty which it deserves.

"To the hysterical bloodbath of the Fascists," writes one of the many Czech underground papers, "we Czechs will reply with another wave of terror!"

The victims of Nazism are no longer on the defensive. The Nazis have no monopoly of terror in Europe.

And lest you doubt the determination and ability of the people of Europe to implement their threats, let a few cold statistical figures give you an idea of the development of anti-Nazi forces.

Take Germany, where few people would expect real and active opposition! Yet, even between 1940 and Germany's attack on Russia in June, 1941, fifty Germans have been executed as "traitors." They tried to hurt Nazi Germany. Many of them succeeded before they died.

Germans are in it!

During the same period eighty-one Germans have been sentenced to death or life imprisonment for distributing records of British broadcasts. They helped to spread the truth in Germany.

Forty Germans have been executed or sent to prison for life for committing acts of sabotage.

These are cases which have been published in the German press. The list is not complete. But since the outbreak of the Nazi-Soviet war the number of death sentences has multiplied. It is hardly possible to count them.

Only a few weeks ago "a Communist plot" was discovered in bomb-torn Mannheim. Fourteen people were arrested, sentenced to death and executed.

Add to these "legal executions" the daily reports of "political criminals" who are simply, as the Nazis put it, "shot by order of the S.S. Reichs Leader (Himmler)" without trial or conviction. Consider those who have not been caught.

Thousands of Germans, in fact, are fighting their leaders.

Their fight, maybe, is of small significance in the giant struggle in which the whole world is engaged. The trains they wrecked, the factories which they sabotaged, the news they spread may not have seriously undermined the vast transport, production and propaganda machine of Nazi Germany.

They know this as well as we do. But they want to hurt. That is why the hidden forces of opposition, the underground heroes of a deadly struggle strike again. More violent methods are the order of the day.

A Dreaded Title

News has reached neutral countries which throws a light on Hitler's decision to suspend the law in Germany. A new and powerful organisation is at work against the Nazis. It has chosen an ominous name, a name designed to strike terror in the hearts of the Nazis. Hitler's and Goering's outbursts are proof that it has succeeded.

The new organisation calls itself "Spartacus." Spartacus was a German terror organisation in the years after the last war.

Spartacists, as they were called, were determined, grim, cruel fellows. They always carried guns. They used them freely. They murdered hundreds of their political opponents. I have seen them carrying the heads of murdered "enemies" in triumph through the streets of Berlin.

Now "Spartacus" is at work again just at a time when the Nazis admit that they had not enough policemen to guard every would-be political "criminal" that is anti-Nazi. Spartacus rises its head and Ley, the Nazi Labour Chief, confesses that anti-war forces are active within the Labour Front.

Yes, Germany is returning to her tradition of political murder. We don't hear of all the murders which have been committed, but we have evidence that the spirit of terror, fostered by the Nazis themselves, is rising against them.

There are the "Vengeance Murderers," young men like Heydrich who, in the name of a mysterious terror organisation, used to carry out executions by order of a secret tribunal. Many of them, like Heydrich, joined the Nazis.

Now the Vengeance Murderers stalk again. But this time Nazis are the victims of their attacks!

Turn your eyes to the occupied countries and count the number of Nazis, Gestapo and Party officials, soldiers and officers, even generals of the armies of occupation from whom daring patriots have already exacted the penalty for their crimes.

Many Murders

It may seem a small item if you read of two German Gestapo officials who have been murdered in a Norwegian town. But that sort of thing is happening more frequently now. It is happening certainly more frequently than the Nazis admit.

The horrifying news of mass arrests, mass execution of innocent hostages come in regularly. Remember that they are preceded by the death of a few Nazi gangsters every time.

And every time the salvo from the

IF THIS WERE ALL

IF this World were all, what then would Life be? Fleeting joys, dark shadowed pain, and strife, and misery. Injustice and revenge, pleasures fed by wealth, and the golden hours of triumph sharply shattered by ill-health.

IF this World were all, what would be worth while? Ambition and tears, and Love, dreams, a song, a smile? Happiness and fear, delight and then dismay, and all Life's Scenery set up for a vast Unfinished Play!

IF this World were all, what would be its worth? A Bowl of coloured episodes to be covered up with earth by Time's long closing hand, and then a futile void? But when God Created Heaven and Earth Things Eternal He Employed.

IF this World were all, then all would be in vain, and not one Living Link would fit into Life's Shining Chain. And not one thought or deed would hold purpose or design, for instead of a Great Endeavour, Life would be a Blank Design. J. M.

Turning on Them

Firing squads do their cowardly job throughout occupied territory—but bullets cannot kill the spirit of the people

guns of a Nazi execution squad reverberates through an occupied town the patriots intensify their struggle against the Nazis. In spite of curfew, control and supervision they are striking back.

Nearly fifty Nazi Party and military soldiers have been killed in France alone. Death announcements in the German press reveal the names of scores of German police officers who "died in action" in Poland. They were attacked and killed by patriotic Poles. Norwegians are on the alert night and day and no Nazi alone is safe in the streets of Oslo, Trondheim or Bergen.

Even in lonely islands of the Norwegian coast with a population of a few hundred people, Gestapo bosses are put to death by daring Vengeance Murderers. Their escape from discovery baffles the most experienced students of modern terror methods.

The explanation is that they can count on powerful help. The fear which is gripping the Nazi terrorists is turned to good account by determined and skilful patriots.

Week after week the German press is publishing death announcements revealing the names of Nazi police officers who have been "killed in action" in Poland. Killed in action—in occupied Poland where the Nazis are supposed to rule supreme!

The truth is that Polish patriots are doing away with their oppressors at a faster rate than is generally realised. They are doing it with weapons supplied—by the Nazis themselves.

Nazis Sell Arms

So low is now the morale of the Nazi tyrant, so frightened are they of the fate that will overcome them after defeat that they are buying favours from the Poles they are supposed to guard and are selling them arms in the hope that they will be let off lightly when the great settlement comes.

Seventy-two Dutchmen have recently been slaughtered for alleged high treason and sabotage. But only the fringe of a gigantic freedom movement was singed. Thousands will step into the shoes of the heroic victims.

Continental Labour Leaders told us recently that they can bring their collaborators on the Continent to Britain when they chose.

Terror breeds terror. The Nazis ought to have known it. It is too late for them to realise now that the terror of the people has always proved victorious over the terror of the tyrants.

It is happening again now! The attack on Heydrich marks only the beginning. Inside and outside Germany we shall see the anti-Nazi terror increasing in strength.

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

SHOULD BELISHA BEACONS GO?

● Belisha beacons certainly gave dogs something new to sniff at; but, apart from advertising the Minister of Transport, who "opened" the first one, and nearly got run over immediately afterwards, their introduction has been followed by a rise in motoring fatalities.

Now, when the black-out hours are sufficiently beset with unseen obstacles without them, they should go—both in the interests of night walking and of salvage.

WHY TRAIN KIDS FOR MINING?

● People must have wondered, the other day, at seeing photographs of a School for Miners—little boys being trained for work underground.

A century ago, children of six were bought from workhouses and sent into the pits. Now, boys of twelve have their mining lessons above the surface.

But who says that, when their school-days are over, these children will decide to go in for a dangerous, difficult and ill-paid job in which, until coal is nationalised, they will be at the mercy of any economic slump or financial ramp?

HAS THE TIDE OF WAR TURNED?

● We must go on at top speed, but I do believe that—now Hitler's boasted "Spring Offensive" has been forestalled, and the 1,000-plane raids have begun three months earlier than we expected—we have passed through the most critical days of the war.

There may be more setbacks. But our strength in men, planes and tanks, backed as it is by the promise of America, is gradually mounting above German resources strained to the uttermost.

On the day that we heard, in the same news bulletin, of the Nazi failure at Kharkov and the Cologne raid, we had evidence that, at long last, both on the field and in the air, the Germans were at a disadvantage.

Had we only more ships we could deliver heavier blows in the Mediterranean and speed up that attack on Italy which should be made before long.

Hitler now faces—another winter! I doubt if he will see it through.

HAS JAPAN GONE TOO FAR?

● There came good news even from the Pacific.

John Curtin, the Premier of Australia, sent word from Canberra that was more than heartening.

When, early in February, Singapore fell, Japan should have invaded Australia immediately. The vast island sub-continent was then helpless.

Instead, she struck at Java.

Three months later, the Battle of the Coral Sea, more of a victory for the Allies than was then disclosed, gave the Anzacs another breathing-space.

Dr. Evatt came here, a few weeks ago, pleading for aid. He went home satisfied.

America, to whom we had been forced to leave the problems of supplies, had saved Australia, at least for the time. Curtin said more than that. He was defiant.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Service letters are returned. Address: "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

JACK LONDON and Joseph Conrad wrote stories of thrilling cruises.

But it is doubtful whether any of the heroes of their imagination ever compressed more thrills into eight months than the crew of a British cargo boat that shall be nameless.

The story is told in a letter home by one of the gallant company—H. F. Wombwell, of 17, Lindsey Road, Bishops Stortford, Herts.

He first describes his trip in convoy to Hong Kong, a journey not without thrills, and then, with all the restraint of sailor language, goes on:

Although the Japs were only 20 miles away, the British colony at Hong Kong seemed strangely ignorant of the approaching danger.

Their wives and children having been evacuated to the safety of Australia, they formed a Husbands' Committee to worry the authorities into returning their loved ones.

Thank God they never succeeded! I have learnt something from this. I think the people at home should remember that the authorities know a little more than they do.

Well, there we are in Hong Kong for overhaul. A typhoon appears, and in view of the danger to ship and wharf alike, we put out into the Bay.

The typhoon hits us. Anchors drag and snap, and soon the ship is firmly grounded on an island, badly holed in two places.

With engine room and holds flooded to a depth of 15 feet, fire floats, divers and pumps are soon on the job, and, within two days, and with the help of tugs, we are coaxed off the rocks.

The balloon goes up. Pearl Harbour is attacked. When we are out in the ocean an American bomber appears and, mistaking us for a Jap transport, flies low to machine gun our decks.

Then the Japs discover us. They soon get down to business. No direct hits, but things are getting so warm that an S O S is sent.

Two British destroyers are despatched to our assistance. They search the sea for us in vain and, presuming us lost, go back.

A week later, when they have carried out a thorough search for survivors, they put into port to find us there. I shall never forget the looks of surprise we got.

Now we pick up evacuees and make for Australia. We deliver our precious cargo, and load up at last for our homeward run, the run we were never to finish.

Just thousands of miles of steaming alone. We sleep in our lifebelts. Should you appear for your meal without your life-jacket, you are refused food.

On and on, with excitement running high at thoughts of home.

We are awakened by the alarm at 1 a.m. A sickening crash. We have been hit in the black-out by another steamer, and badly damaged.

We limp along, hoping to make port for repairs. But it was not to be.

Two days afterwards the first German torpedo found its mark. Did that U-boat captain know we had women and children on board?

Twenty precious minutes elapsed, in which time we got into the boats all our human charges. Then more torpedoes crashed into us, and finished the destruction of one of the best ships that ever sailed the seas.

It isn't till your ship has gone, and you are popping up and down like a cork, that you realise how big and relentless are the seas.

In response to our S O S, flying boats located us. They kept us under observation until a destroyer arrived to pick us up. It was an American ship.

Those American boys were just like our lads—and I can't pay a bigger tribute to them than that. They sacrificed everything to make *us* feel at home after the rescue.

Our owners, Alfred Holt and Co., were splendid too.

Then we reached England: crowded round a bookstall. I tendered two shillings and asked for change, to be told by the man in charge: "That's right. Be as much trouble as you can."

Nobody sees our poor little M.N. (Merchant Navy) badge. And thoughtless people can hurt.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

HEAVILY fined black marketeers are going bankrupt as soon as heavy fines are imposed. Surely the alternative prison sentence should at once operate?—A. S. Green, Aylestone, Leicester.

★ ★ ★

Soldiers are being ordered to swim across reservoirs. Why should servants of the Crown have the right to order the pollution of our water supplies? An outbreak of disease wouldn't exactly help the war effort.—C. Webster, Jeremy's Farm, Higham, near Nelson, Lancs. (There's no such danger, thanks to modern filtering.—EDITOR.)

★ ★ ★

No charge of absenteeism against an absent worker should be sustained unless employers and executives can prove that *they* have put in 100 per cent. attendance.—A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Two years in the R.A.F. have taught me that the Serviceman's biggest worry is "how many years must I wait for a home of my own, my money being so small and the cost of furniture, furnishings etc., so gigantic."—Leading Aircraftman R. K., Liverpool, 17.

★ ★ ★

Chamberlain (September, 1939) estimated that the war would last three years. It may yet turn out to be the best of the how-long-will-it-last prophecies.—Walter Craven, Royal College Street, N.W.

★ ★ ★

Sheffield's railings go, but the dispossessed citizens watch the city authorities replacing the old wooden pedestrian barriers with metal railings.—A. Hume, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

With a husband in the Forces, I've been given a green card to take up the making of—dresses! Any authority with imagination would ask me to make something for the guns, my husband being a gunner.—R. Brown, 50, Keir Street, Barnsley.

To the better end

Nobody wants to waste good tobacco these hard times. But how many of us smoke each pipeful right to the end and enjoy every puff? Everybody ought to, and everybody can, if only he takes the trouble. Here is one of a few simple rules given us by a man who makes each pipe last an hour without relighting. He happens to be a devotee of Four Square—but you could probably get similar results with any other good tobacco.

Hint No. 4

Keep your pipe between your teeth, don't keep taking it out of your mouth between puffs, as you do a cigarette. And if it shows signs of going out, try breathing out through the pipe occasionally as well as drawing in. This creates a two-way draught and keeps the tobacco alight without burning your tongue.

FOUR SQUARE

BEST cooks say BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER — The Best in the World

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.
HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS

Hold FALSE TEETH New, Easy Way!

Here is a Dentist's own formula for holding a dental plate as steady as a rock. It's new—it's different. Ask your chemist for 'Dentesive,' squeeze a little on your denture (upper or lower)—*then forget you have one!* Eat anything without difficulty. Laugh and talk without restraint—your plate stays tightly in place, comfortably cushioned upon happy gums. Hygienic, economical, quickly applied. 'Dentesive' is the *improved* and better type of fixative now being recommended by Dentists. Gives *guaranteed* comfort, confidence and security. Price 7½d. and 1/3 in tubes at all chemists.

White shoes are scarce — keep yours white with BLANCO WHITE CLEANER

Warning Joseph Pickering & Sons Ltd., Sheffield, England are sole proprietors and manufacturers of "BLANCO" Brand White Cleaner. No other White Cleaners can be called "BLANCO" nor may they be sold as "BLANCO."

THE LAST LAUGH

R. A. (New Southgate).—"The most henpecked man I know is a conjuror." But surely he can run into his cabinet and disappear?

E. M. (Manchester).—"The vast majority of Germans believe everything that falls from the lips of Dr. Goebbels." Dr. Goebbels doesn't.

W. R. (Collingbourne).—"I saw her for the first time at a fancy-dress ball and fell in love with her at once in spite of the fact that she came as a witch, complete with broom." She swept you off your feet?

G. J. (Kidderminster).—"Wouldn't you feel hurt if somebody threw one of your books across the room?" Only if it happened to hit us.

P. J. (Wivelsfield).—"Hitler has done all he can to discourage smoking." There is an uneasy feeling that Sir Kingsley Wood hasn't done all he can yet in this direction.

F. I. (Barnet).—"I once saw Goering at a German seaside resort followed by a crowd of admiring children." For the sake of the shade?

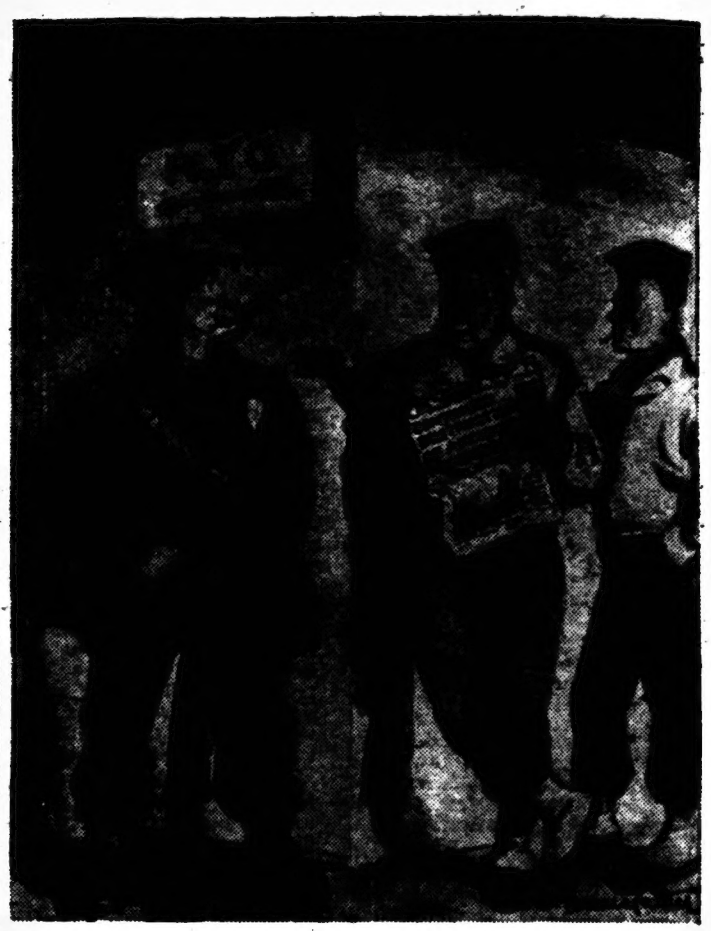
T. C. (Doncaster).—"I have bought my son a very fine second-hand electric railway." We hope he does not interfere too much while you are playing with it.

V. K. (Highgate).—"It is suggested that M.P.s should set an example in fuel economy." This means that the spectacle of political opponents heaping coals of fire on one another's heads will be rarer than ever.

D. L. (Dorking).—"Gardening in the rain means that you may be sowing the seeds of rheumatism." It would be a refreshing change to sow something that the neighbours' fowls didn't get.

H. H. (Oakengates).—"Years ago I was playing my cornet on a charabanc when the vehicle passed over a bump in the road and I was thrown out into a hedge." Did all the passengers back each other up in this story?

R. B. (Yarmouth).—"Now that rationing is in force, wives have to give their husbands less meat and more vegetables." We know a man who complains that his wife gives him beans at nearly every meal, especially if he is late for it.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Exeter, Bath, Norwich. I guess they'll be takin' a crack at you next, eh, buddy?"

Side-Slips

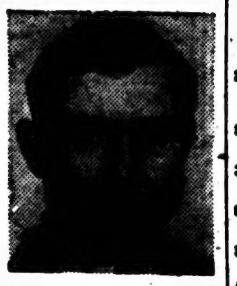
SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"Itinerant hawkers are selling for the black market goods in short supply, such as BOMBS, razor blades, handbags, and cosmetics. . . ."

THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE ECHO:—"It is the story of a vixen who had chosen a hay-shed in a farmstead at ——— to rear her family of nine CLUBS."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"Supported by the cushion of his parachute the pilot paddled himself slowly toward the rock with his two companions in TWO."

THE HUNTLY EXPRESS:—"The opening match of the season—a four-ball competition between Captain's and Vice-Captain's teams—was held last night, about forty players taking PART."

THE GREATEST OF THESE



Since serving through the last war, in which he spent three years in France, Albert Peel, of Cambridge, has endured many hardships.

In April, 1941, his home in London was bombed and his daughter of 21 and son aged 16 were killed. He has worked only four weeks since December, 1941, but now has work near London.

One son is in the Forces. His other children are working in London, and his greatest wish is for his wife and family to obtain a home together near London. A suitable house has been found, but he cannot afford to pay moving expenses without some assistance. Our readers can readily imagine that his daughters would prefer to live at home with their parents rather than in lodgings.

Will you send a donation to assist this family which has been so sorely bereaved by the war? Earmark your letter "United," or for our General Fund, and post it to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are just as grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application. There are no deductions for administration expenses.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,325

FIRST PRIZE £50

W. Gee, 17, Broadway, South Shields, for this "Bullet":

WITH ALL OUR RESTRICTIONS ARE *FREE* DOWNHEARTED? No!

£20: F. Byrne, 51, Earl St., Northampton.
Getting A Bit Nervous—So Germany's Studying Fullness!

£10: G. McKinley, Limes Hotel, Faversham, Kent.
Profit—And "Rights," Delaying Victory.

£5: L. F. Brown, 1, Fewens Court, Russell Street, Leamington Spa.
In Our Factories—"Spade-work"—In "Field," "Harvest."

£4: F.N. Pearson, 5, Pilmuir Rd., Weston-super-Mare.
British Bulldog—*Afraid of Postman, Taxpayer!*

£3: Mrs. M. Fermaga, 9, Higher Charminster, Dorchester.
Army Of To-day—Weary—*Wishing* "Alarm" Sounded.

£2: Mrs. Leech, 16, Summer Lane, Royston, Barnsley.
Above We're Getting On—Our "Chance" Getting *Stronger.*

10s.: R. G. Evans, 62, Shaftesbury Road, Weston-super-Mare.
British Bulldog—Proudly Carries "Unwanted" Passenger.

10s.: J. O. Jones, 69, Stubbins Rd., Brodie Ave., Liverpool.
In Our Factories—Wife To End War.

10s.: F. Mitchell, 12, Elm Road, Forest Gate, E.7.
Getting A Bit Brighter—Prospect Of—Brighter Prospects!

10s.: Mrs. M. Scanlon, 242, Oldham Road, Middleton, Manchester.
Army Of To-day—On Wheels—"On Tour."

10s.: R. Davidson, 7, Eastgate, Beverley, E. Yorks.
Post Jubilee—Army Bustled In *Officer!*

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

6 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 277

WINNING WORDS: 1. Aether. 2. Brave. 3. Hall. 4. Ring. 5. Resins. 6. Gale. 7. Lower. 8. Apes. 9. Mesh. 10. Cedes. 11. Bill. 12. Rock. 13. Wall. 14. Lion.

£100 SHARERS: Miss M. Connolly, 60, Plant St., Glasgow; Mr. S.M. Morris, G., Gunnerbury-in-Britain; Mrs. V. E. Jenkins, Chesterton, Warstones Rd., Penn, Wolverhampton; Mrs. M. Mabbett, 62, Somerby Grove, Upton, Gainsborough; W. Smith, Abbey Temperance Inn, 172, Central Drive, Blackpool; E. C. Tryon, Sidney Ave., London, N.13.

Awards value £60 shared between 66 Runners-up.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

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OVER 400 ASTONISHING PICTURES

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LOOK below at just a few of the hundreds of astounding things SHOWN in this book!

THE BARGE OF CLEOPATRA!
FOOTPRINTS OF ADAM!
THE GOD OF WEEDS!
A VALLEY OF HOLLOW-SOUND ECHOES!
42 BATHS OF A SACRED CITY!
BOTTOMLESS POOL OF FIRELIGHT!
THE GREATEST RAILWAY OF HISTORY!
FAGGOTS OF LOVE!
TOWER OF SILENCE!
WINDSCREEN OF THE WORLD!
SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF LOST RACE!
SERPENT STAIRWAY!
ETC.

THE CANVAS CITY!
WATERFALL OF DOLLS!
WAREHOUSE OF BONES!
A BROADCAST FURNACE!
DAVID, GATEKEEPER!
ETC.

A CORRIDOR OF PRESERVED HUMAN BODIES!—Caves 10,000 Miles Long!—Skyscraper Built by Insects!—A Stone that Floats in the Clouds But Never Falls! IMPOSSIBLE?—NO!! For these are only a few of the fantastic but TRUE things revealed in JOHN BULL'S wonderful book "THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS"!

Here is an education in itself for young and old—for all who wish to penetrate the mysteries of strange peoples and far-off lands . . . the riddle of Inti mask . . . the horror of mortified flies . . . the terror of age-old witchcraft. Here is a book that is different!—daring!—which challenges belief, yet contains indisputable proof that every strange, beautiful and miraculous thing of the ancient and modern world which it reveals ACTUALLY EXISTED!

Through its Great War Time Book Service to its Readers JOHN BULL implies you to secure this marvellous book at a Privilege Price you can easily afford. Supplies are limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. You need no money now for this book, but you MUST APPLY AT ONCE on the Coupon-Label below!

The whole 60,000-word Commentary and captions which run through the 320 Pages of this book give stories and facts about the pictures that will make you literally gasp! LOOK at the titles of but a few: The Temple of the Dead, the Hall of the 300 Gods, the Five Aliases of Hanks, etc.—their very sound breathes mystery and magic! Here, too, are astounding wonders of the World of To-day: the £10,000,000 Gift Pipe of Jane, the mighty Elevator of the Rockies, the Tower House of the Rocks, etc. Book is bound in superb Blue Buckram, embossed in Gold. All you need when you receive your parcels is safe, fit, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc.

DO THIS NOW!!! In Coupon-Label below, Affix 1d. Stamp to cover postage for your Special Privilege Booklet and Printed Matter, and post at once in unsealed envelope (paper 1d. Stamp to: GREATER WORLD LTD., "WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS" Book Dept., J.K.1., Elcot Lodge, Kennet, Berks. On receipt of Coupon-Label you will be sent an Enquiry which you fill in with Name and Address, and your book will then be dispatched, carriage paid home.

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS."

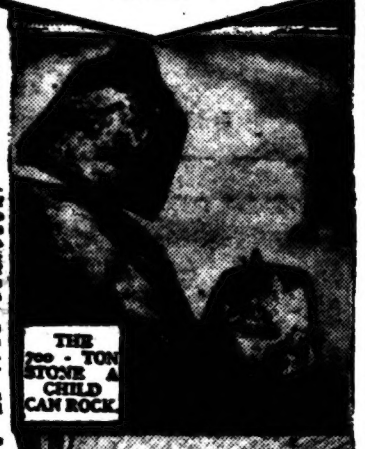
A penny stamp MUST be affixed firmly here by you

Write below in BLOCK LETTERS

NAME

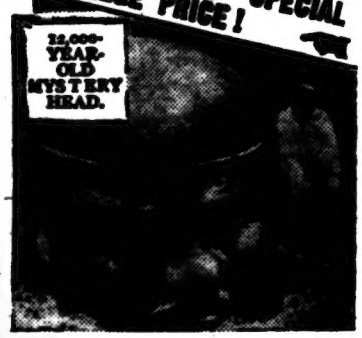
FULL POSTAL ADDRESS

Applies only in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. J.K.1. 23/6/42

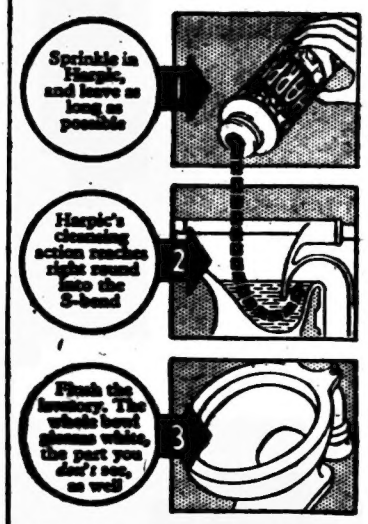


THE WORLD'S GREATEST WONDERS

The most Astonishing Book of All Time! YOURS AT "JOHN BULL'S" SPECIAL PRIVILEGE PRICE!



HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
1
2
3

Crowded homes — less time for housework — now is when you appreciate Harpic. Sprinkle it into the lavatory *and leave as long as possible* (last thing at night is a good time). Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white, all discoloration gone. The part you don't see is clean and sanitary too.

* * *

Nothing equals Harpic. Specially made for the lavatory, Harpic's thorough cleansing action removes all discoloration, effectively cleans, disinfects and deodorizes the whole of the pan.

★ The safe & certain cure for HEADACHE

DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART

Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Cephos is not just a single drug but the prescription of an eminent Harley St. Physician.

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form, 1/3, 3/-. Single dose 2d.

RESTLESSNESS IN CHILDREN

The usual cause is constipation. When a child's bowels are full of poisonous waste-matter, natural rest is impossible. A spoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' gently moves the bowels, clears away all clogging hard waste and leaves the little inside sweet and clean. Once rid of this disagreeable sour matter a child sleeps soundly and wakes up the picture of brightness.

Get a bottle of this safe laxative today, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere.

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for X-WORDS and 'BULLETS'

ENTER HERE for X-WORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For result of Xword No. 277, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	5p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	5p	5p	5p
1 REQUIRES TEACHING STEP BY STEP	D NCE			
2 DOESN'T LET THE GRASS GROW	MO ER			
3 WATER IS CONVEYED BY MEANS OF	LEA			
4 MANY SEEM TO HAVE NO EYES	M LES			
5 FIT OF ONE MIGHT MAKE BREATHING DIFFICULT	CHO ER			
6 THIS MAY WELL BE CONSIDERED THE OPPOSITE OF POP-WARD	A T			
7 ARTIST WOULDN'T LIKE ANY OF HIS BRUSHES TO BE THIS	BRI TLE			
8 CAR OFTEN BE USEFUL IN ADDITION TO LOOKING QUITE ATTRACTIVE	P MP			
9 SHOOTING OF THESE GIVES SOME FARMERS CERTAIN SATISFACTION	CRO S			
10 MANY FEEL REGRET WHEN THIS STOPS VITAL WORK JUST HERE	ARK			
11 MAY SOMETIMES HELP SHIP TO SHAPE COURSE	GA			
12 OLD DOG MAY TRY TO DODGE TAKING HIS	L AD			
13 LAUGHS OF THIS MAY CAUSE SOME PEOPLE TO FEEL THE PUNCH	SHO			
14 IT'S BETTER TO KNOW THE VALUE OF THINGS WHEN MAKING OUT THIS	ILL			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated July 4.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK
No. .....MONDAY, JUNE 22
Signed .....
Address.....
281

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

— — — — — — CUT ROUND THIS LINE — — — — — —

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed /& Co./; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated July 11, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS

1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 35s., 30s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any EXAMPLE. First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, July 3. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading BULLETS in our 1,325th Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITANNIA NEEDS
IRON RESOLUTION
MARK OF THE NAZI
HIS JOB
FAIR PLAY
UNDER CONTROL
JAM
ONE OF THESE DAYS
TOMMY'S FAMILY
WON'T BE LONG
ALL MIXED UP
IMPUDENCE
SO FAR
ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY
VOICE OF THE WORKERS
SWARM OF PROFITEERS
TO LESSEN THE BURDEN
AUSTERITY CAMPAIGN
SAID TO THE SERGEANT
IT WOULD BE FUNNY IF

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

HOW WE'VE A.....
DEFYING THE .....
DAD'S IDEA OF.....
GOING TO.....
TO CLEAR THE.....
AS GOOD AS.....

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated July 4.

P.O. Value.....
No.....
Closing Postmark 1,326 Monday, June 22.

Signed .....
Address.....

— — — — — — CUT ROUND THIS LINE — — — — — —

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,326—or Xword No. 281, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

THIS WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS

BREAD INTO BATTLE

The housewife deserves a big bouquet for the part she is playing in the War effort, but she's falling down on one thing — perhaps she thinks it trifling — the daily waste of bread. Too many crusts are being thrown away. Because the Government have kept down the price of bread, don't think it's not precious. Wheat takes the lion's share of our shipping space. Even if the daily waste of bread is as little as half an ounce per head of the population: that means a waste of fifteen loaves a second, and thirty shiploads of flour in a year — a whole convoy! Bread into Battle? Yes, indeed — and that's why every half-ounce saved is *half the battle*.

KEEP IT FRESH

1. Keep bread in a dry, cool place in a covered pan. If there is no ventilation hole in the lid, keep the lid slightly tilted.
2. If the bread is kept in a tin, punch one or two holes in the lid.
3. Wipe out the bread-pan with a dry cloth twice a week. Wash out and dry thoroughly at least once a month. In very hot weather wrap the bread in a clean linen towel or cloth.
4. Never put away bread which is still warm from baking.

Listen to the Kitchen Front at 8.15 every morning

RECIPE OF THE WEEK No. 7

MINCE SLICES

Time: Preparation 15 minutes. Cooking 5 to 7 minutes. *Ingredients:* 8 oz. mince (any meat), 4 oz. stale breadcrumbs, 4 oz. cooked mashed potatoes, salt and pepper. *Quantity:* 4 helpings. *Method:* Mix well together the mince, mashed potatoes, breadcrumbs and salt and pepper. Turn out on to a floured board and roll into an oblong ½ inch thick. Cut into slices and fry in a small quantity of hot fat, or grill for 5 to 7 minutes. Serve with leek sauce, mashed potatoes and a green vegetable.

Leek Sauce

Ingredients: Half a leek chopped, 2 oz. flour, salt and pepper, pinch of herbs, ½ pint milk, or milk and water. *Method:* Put the milk, leek and seasoning into a pan and allow to simmer slowly for 15 to 20 minutes. Blend the flour with a little of the cold milk, stir into the pan with the leek, etc. and cook for a minute or two.

Have you applied for your Ration Books yet?

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 99

Healthy dogs make good companions

Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/3d. From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.

So now you DRINK the glass and a half of Milk

It is some time since Cadburys had milk for their chocolate, and their supplies of Milk Chocolate are now exhausted. So Milk Chocolate, for the moment, must say 'Farewell.' The milk goes on your doorstep now — half-a-million pints a day of it to help your children's health!

ISSUED BY CADBURYS

FROM BOURNVILLE — *the Factory in a Garden*

CAPENS 1/5

GUARANTEED 100 PURE

We ask your indulgence should your Retailer be temporarily out of stock.

Made only by

The BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER Co. Ltd. HACKNEY WICK : : : LONDON, E.9.

'ASPRO' Serves a Public of MILLIONS!

It is a fact that a public of millions is united in its support of 'ASPRO' and you won't find a man without good reason behind it. People rely on 'ASPRO' because it does what it says—and does it quickly and safely. Service to the people that is the simple explanation of 'ASPRO' success. Everyone who takes 'ASPRO' tablets applies a test by which 'ASPRO' stands or falls. 'ASPRO' passes the test by banishing colds overnight, soothing away headaches and pain conditions, feverishness, rheumatic pain, by dispelling nerve strain and sleeplessness. People depend on 'ASPRO' and things which can be depended upon are rare enough and hard enough to come by. When they're found, they're worth sticking to. That is why thousands of 'ASPRO' services accumulate.

It Tones, Calms & Fits OVERNIGHT — Soothes Headaches & Pain Banishes Rheumatic Pain Nerve Strain Sleeplessness

The People's Word Proves 'ASPRO' Claims

"'ASPRO' OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

H. J., of Warrington, Lancs., writes:—"Your work is of real national importance for in these times of nerve strain the benefit derived from your 'ASPRO' tablets is of universal appeal. I should think everyone knows of the nerve steadying properties of 'ASPRO' and if there are any who have not yet tried them I am sure they will soon be introduced to them for you have such a host of friends and well-wishers and none more sincere than myself."

WELFARE WORKER PRAISES QUICK ACTION

H. WITHINGTON, of Farnworth, Cheshire, writes:—"We are continually asked for 'ASPRO' tablets by our club workers, who call them the 'WONDER TABLET' for their quick action."

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

ASPRO PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

17 TIMES MORE VITAMIN B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves and Nutrition need Vitamin B... and they know the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains **17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ¼-lb. Beef Steak**—and you get **extra nourishment from all your food.**

Take PHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (Including Purchase Tax) . . Tablets

Ask for... Phillips TONIC YEAST —It's *LIFE ITSELF!*

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